The Nation

November 12, 1990 $1.75 U.S./$2.25 Canada

UPSALA COLLEGE LIBRARY
East Orange, NJ 07019

OCT 31

EAST ORANGE NJ 07019
ART ACQUISITIONS CK
PERIODICALS
UPSALA COLLEGE LIBRARY
13 4155 NAN512 18FEB91
***********3-DIGIT 070

EDITORIAL

CAPITAL FUN AND GAMES

And so George Bush has become only the second President—after Reagan—to veto a civil rights bill. Republicans used to say they would oppose any civil rights bill that mandated racial "quotas." Now their President has vetoed a bill because it might force employers to erect quotas in order to avoid being sued for racial discrimination. In other words, Bush vetoed a bill that might make employers do the right thing.

Actually, the bill in question had been considerably watered down. It sought only to preserve a worker's right to sue an employer for racial or gender discrimination. No new federal moneys were to be appropriated, no Great Society–style program was envisioned. It was a bill, in short, that might, only might, penalize those employers stupid enough to maintain blatantly racist or sexist hiring practices. The President, it appears, has bowed to the familiar G.O.P. calculus that there are more votes to be won from racist white males than from minorities.

As the 101st Congress fades into inanition, historians should begin analyzing it as a case study in moral and institutional bankruptcy. On a host of issues—taxes, the S&L bailout, cutting defense—Democrats flunked badly this term (though they managed to take care of themselves nicely in the matter of pay raises and pensions for members). But the future chroniclers seeking to recount this dreary story in full will find themselves handicapped by Congress's failure to clarify the "fair use" exception to copyright law, which recent murky court decisions unduly narrowed, making it difficult for historians and biographers to quote from unpublished primary sources. Thus, with a final thumb of the nose at the public, Congress flees into the night, leaving even its history under a cloud.

08585 46
0 377535 6

COURTING LIBEL
Martin Garbus

ELECTION '90
Bruce Shapiro

COLLOR'S 'NEW BRAZIL'
Ken Silverstein

MEXICAN BORDER WAR
Miriam Davidson

LABOR-COMMUNITY COALITIONS
Dana Frank

DEGREES IN RADICAL ARTS
Maurice Isserman

THE VERY MODEL OF AN EX-PRESIDENT

KAI BIRD

It hasn't been easy, but Jimmy Carter, the President who a decade ago was humiliated at the polls, is back. Suddenly, he seems to be everywhere, building homes for the poor, mediating civil wars in Africa and playing umpire of elections in dangerous places like Haiti, Panama and Nicaragua. His hair has turned white, and the wrinkles around his eyes betray his 66 years, but this Southern Baptist politician has created for himself an admirable extraconstitutional role as ex-President. In his quiet, methodical way, he has spent the Reagan/Bush years tackling some of the most intractable of humanity's problems, whether it be the horrible Guinea worm disease in Africa or the world's longest-running civil war, in Ethiopia. In the process, he has set a new standard of behavior for former Presidents and restaked his claim to the Democratic Party's liberal legacy.

The contrast with his ex-presidential peers is positively embarrassing: Ronald Reagan greedily sells his cachet as a former President to the Japanese for $2 million; amiable Jerry Ford cashes in on the corporate boardroom scene, reportedly to the tune of nearly a million dollars a year; and Richard Nixon writes one bloodless book after another in a shameless attempt to restore his reputation as an elder statesman. All of these former Presidents have spent their retirement years in selfish pursuits, building their presidential libraries to serve solely as

(Cont. on p. 560)

The Nation 125

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS.

NOT GAMES, NOT BOYS

Washington

Your recent editorial on the Congressional child care debate distorts the harsh realities of passing this controversial legislation ["Games Boys Play," Oct. 15]. Child care, far from being a consensus issue, has been a highly contentious topic in Congress for two decades. A comprehensive bill early in the 1970s was vetoed by President Nixon for many of the same reasons now cited against the current bill: cost, federal micromanagement, interference in the family and eligibility of family and religious based providers.

The A.B.C. bill could not pass the House, was assured a veto by the President and contained absolutely no assurances of annual appropriations. Amy Wilkins's assertion that A.B.C. would be funded because of support for Head Start is absurd. You simply cannot compare support for a well-established, popular and bipartisan program like Head Start to an unauthorized, highly controversial program like child care. (And you should note that the popular Head Start program serves just 20 percent of eligible children.)

Representative Tom Downey and I favor creation of a child care entitlement, free from the uncertainties of the annual appropriations process. Although this approach was rejected as a pipe dream in the early stages of A.B.C., the House has unanimously endorsed the entitlement approach. It is curious that many of those who denounce an entitlement for child care are furiously fighting—as am I—to secure entitlement status for WIC and Head Start.

It is difficult to accept your characterization of our approach, which provides $400 million a year in guaranteed funding, rising to $700 million in four years, as "minimalist." By comparison, A.B.C. offers us the right to beg the Appropriations Committee for money each year, blithely ignoring the severe restrictions on domestic spending (and particularly *new* programs). Indeed, the weakness of the appropriations approach was just proved when Congress "approved" $750 million for the A.B.C. approach for 1991 but then restricted actual spending by over 91 percent of the appropriated amount.

There is absolutely no evidence to support the assertion that a freestanding child care program would be more difficult to cut. The federal code is littered with innumerable popular programs—education of handicapped children, homeless shelter, drug treatment, mental health services, family violence, child welfare services, adoption support and WIC—enacted in a burst of consensual fervor and then left to wither without adequate funding.

If jurisdiction were the issue, as a member of the Education and Labor committee, I would hardly endorse shifting its jurisdiction to the Ways and Means Committee.

And your innuendo that the "boys up there" don't care about child care is grossly unfair to those of us who have devoted years to this effort—and have the earlier awards from Wilkins's group and many others to prove it.

George Miller, chair
House Select Committee on Children, Youth and Families

PENGUIN'S COLD FEET

Rapid City, S.D.

As a "Native Indian" inside the illegal borders of the United States, I would like to thank you for your fair and excellent coverage of the similar racism practiced in this country toward those other brown and red people of Mesopotamia. Christopher Hitchens's "Minority Report" and Edward W. Said's "Embargoed Literature" [Sept. 17] could easily have transposed Sioux Indians for Arabs.

I am an "Indian" writer in America, and I have had the same trouble getting my novels published as has Hanan al-Shaykh. After many years, and a bad Hollywood movie, my novel *The Powwow Highway* was very reluctantly brought out by the same Penguin Said praises for publishing Gamal al-Ghitani and Adonis. That same Penguin then ignored the book and refused to publish another they had contracted for, saying, in the words of New American Library executive editor Michaela Hamilton, "it needs to be more accessible to white Americans."

I realize this issue includes the usual marketplace censorship of commercially questionable literature, but it also involves the sheer hostility of Americans toward the slayers of Custer and pioneers. We are a constant reminder that the American heart is buried forever at Wounded Knee. Just thought I'd point out the similarity between the Cheyennes and the Palestinians.

David Seals

BANNED IN BEIRUT?

Rochester, N.Y.

I have just returned from the Middle East and read Edward W. Said's article with great interest. What Said did not mention was that Mahfouz and other Arabic writers were banned for many years in Arab countries. In Tel Aviv you can purchase Hebrew translations of Mahfouz's writings, but no bookstore in an Arab country will carry translations of Jewish writers.

Elliot Bell

SAID REPLIES

New York City

David Seals's experience with Penguin is, I agree, very discouraging. It should be said that even though Penguin did publish Ghitani and Adonis, it didn't do anything to promote or advertise the books, so they just disappeared. Seals also has a point about white Americans not being able to deal with "Native Indians": It's a common characteristic of all settler/colonial societies.

Elliot Bell's letter is, basically, baloney and horrendously misinformed. All the Arab writers I spoke of are published in Arabic, in Arab countries. Only one novel by Mahfouz, *Awlad Haritna*, was ever banned, in Egypt during the late 1950s for religious reasons, but it was, however, inexplicably published in Egypt in a newspaper serial. The full text was published in Beirut and Damascus and is now available in Egypt. Many of the major Hebrew works of Israeli writers are available in Arabic; many novels by American Jewish writers have also been translated. Why doesn't Bell try to find out why *Hamlet*, along with hundreds of other works, is banned in the West Bank and Gaza by the Israeli military authorities and why Israel has kept Palestinian universities and many schools closed for about three years? It doesn't strike me as enlightened at all.

Edward W. Said

AVANT MOI LE DÉLUGE

Washington

Aryeh Neier is absolutely accurate in his description of the woeful state of political liberties in President Moi's Kenya ["Watching Rights," August 13/20]. Unfortunately, his phrasing suggests that this is a new development. Each of the repressive trends that Moi has perfected was initiated in the early years of Jomo Kenyatta's rule.

Parliamentary opposition was effectively scotched in the mid-1960s, first with the coerced merger of the remaining opposition party, KADU, into Kenyatta's ruling party, KANU. When elements of KANU, led by Vice President Oginga Odinga, tried to create a new opposition party, the attempt was first diminished by an ex post facto electoral law and eventually eradicated by repressive measures. Odinga thereafter spent many years in political detention. Even KANU's intraparty elections were reduced to a farce in 1969, when independent legislators were intimidated and ejected from power, and balloting procedures hijacked.

If, as Neier rightly notes, Moi has concentrated much of the nation's wealth in his hands, he has merely benefited from a political and business culture established by Kenyatta, who became fabulously wealthy in the fifteen years that he ruled.

The death of a political opponent of Moi in a suspicious car accident is uncannily reminiscent of cases of members of Parliament and ministers killed in other suspicious car accidents, and also of a docile press and a corrupt or docile judiciary, not formally emasculated as under Moi but still terrorized into submission.

None of this diminishes Moi's culpability. However, it is of more than historical or abstract interest. If things are to change in Kenya, it is important to understand the sources of its degraded political culture so that reform can proceed realistically. If the responsibility is laid only at Moi's door, we will ignore the systemic basis of his autocratic and plutocratic rule.

Amit A. Pandya

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTENTS.

Volume 251, Number 16

LETTERS
546

EDITORIALS
545 Capital Fun and Games
547 Apocalypse Soon?
548 Courting Libel — *Martin Garbus*
548 Third Parties Out — *James W. Harris*

COLUMNS
549 NC17-Rated Stuff — *Calvin Trillin*
550 Minority Report — *Christopher Hitchens*

ARTICLES
545 Citizen Carter: The Very Model of an Ex-President — *Kai Bird*
551 Election '90: Focus on the State Races — *Bruce Shapiro*
554 Collor's "New Brazil": Shock Treatment for the Poor — *Ken Silverstein*
557 Immigrant-Bashing: The Mexican Border War — *Miriam Davidson*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
565 Brecher and Costello, eds.: Building Bridges — *Dana Frank*
566 Altenbaugh: Education for Struggle; Horton: The Long Haul — *Maurice Isserman*
570 Zandy, ed.: Calling Home; Malkiel: The Diary of a Shirtwaist Striker — *Lillian S. Robinson*
572 Oresick and Coles, eds.: Working Classics — *Jessica Greenbaum*
574 Theater — *Thomas M. Disch*

Illustrations by Isadore Seltzer

Editor, Victor Navasky

Executive Editor, Richard Lingeman; *Associate Editors*, George Black, Andrew Kopkind; *Assistant Editor*, Micah L. Sifry; *Literary Editor*, Elsa Dixler; *Associate Literary Editor*, Art Winslow; *Poetry Editor*, Grace Schulman; *Managing Editor*, JoAnn Wypijewski; *Copy Chief*, Roane Carey; *Copy Editor*, Judith Long; *Assistant Copy Editor*, Anne-Marie Otey; *Assistant to the Editor*, Dennis Selby; *Interns*, Sefka Cibulka, Nicholas Clegg, Alyssa Katz, George Lerner, Danzy Senna (Washington), Peter Siskind, Claire Thevenoux, Saralyn Wilson.

Departments: *Architecture*, Jane Holtz Kay; *Art*, Arthur C. Danto; *Dance*, Mindy Aloff; *Fiction*, John Leonard; *Films*, Stuart Klawans; *Lingo*, Jim Quinn; *Music*, David Hamilton, Edward W. Said, Gene Santoro; *Theater*, Thomas M. Disch, Moira Hodgson; *Bureaus*: *Washington*, Kai Bird; *Europe*, Daniel Singer; *United Kingdom*, E.P. Thompson; *Paris*, Claude Bourdet; *Corporations*, Robert Sherrill; *Defense*, Michael T. Klare; *Columnists and Regular Contributors*: Alexander Cockburn (*Beat the Devil*), Stephen F. Cohen (*Sovieticus*), Christopher Hitchens (*Minority Report*), Aryeh Neier (*Watching Rights*), Edward Sorel, Calvin Trillin; *Contributing Editors*: Kai Bird, Thomas Ferguson, Doug Henwood, Max Holland, Molly Ivins, Jefferson Morley, Katha Pollitt, Joel Rogers, Kirkpatrick Sale, Herman Schwartz, Michael Thomas, Gore Vidal, Jon Wiener; *Editorial Board*: Norman Birnbaum, Richard Falk, Frances FitzGerald, Philip Green, Elinor Langer, Deborah W. Meier, Toni Morrison, Michael Pertschuk, Elizabeth Pochoda, Neil Postman, Marcus G. Raskin, A.W. Singham, David Weir, Roger Wilkins. *Editors at Large*, Richard Pollak, Katrina vanden Heuvel. *On Leave*, David Corn.

Manuscripts: The magazine cannot be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless accompanied by addressed, stamped envelopes.

Publisher, Arthur L. Carter

President, David Parker; *Associate Publisher and General Manager*, Neil Black; *Associate Publisher and Advertising Director*, Chris Calhoun; *Advertising Sales Representative*, Caerthan Banks; *Classified Advertising Director*, Gary Pomerantz; *Business Manager*, Ann B. Epstein; *Bookkeepers*, Ivor A. Richardson, Shirleathia Watson; *Art/Production Manager*, Jane Sharples; *Vice President and Circulation Director*, Margaret Pyle; *Subscription Manager*, Cookee V. Klein; *Circulation Coordinator*, Jacqueline Lucas; *Receptionists*, Greta Loell, Vivette Dhanukdhari; *Data Entry and Mail Coordinator*, John Holtz; *Administrative Secretary*, Shirley Sulat; *Production*, Terry Miller; *Typography*, Sandy McCroskey; *Vice President and Nation Associates Director*, Sandra Zickefoose, *Nation Associates Assistant Director*, Carlos Durazo; *Permissions and Back Issues*, Josh Neufeld; *Publicity and Special Projects Director*, Peter G. Meyer.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by The Nation Company, Inc. © 1990 in the U.S.A. by The Nation Company, Inc. 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. (212) 242-8400. *Washington Bureau:* Suite 308, 110 Maryland Avenue N.E., Washington, DC 20002. (202) 546-2239. Second-class postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION. Subscription orders, changes of address and all subscription inquiries: *The Nation*, P.O. Box 10763, Des Moines IA 50340-0763. *Subscription Price*: 1 year, $44; 2 years, $75. Add $14 for surface mail postage outside U.S. Missed issues must be claimed within 60 days (120 days foreign) of publication date. **Please allow 4-6 weeks for receipt of your first issue and for all subscription transactions.** Back issues $3 prepaid ($4 foreign) from: *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. *The Nation* is available on microfilm from: University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *The Nation*, P.O. Box 10763, Des Moines IA 50340-0763. This issue went to press on October 25.

EDITORIALS.

Apocalypse Soon?

The second opening of the window of war in the Persian Gulf is about to take place. The first opportunity for President Bush to lay waste to Iraq, kill his nemesis Saddam Hussein (and wife and mistress) and reinstall family feudalism in Kuwait came and went in mid-August, when war fever was high in the United States, Saddam was confused by the unwonted response to his aggression and the coalition of clients and self-servers that Bush had created to legitimize his intervention had not yet fallen to intramural bickering and bargaining.

Bush demurred then, probably because his military advisers did not buy the argument that a few full days of carpet bombing would flatten every mosque and military facility between Mosul and the Saudi border. The next aperture will appear in December, when (if Bush moves now) an Anzio-class armada will have assembled in the gulf and a proper invasion – complete with tens of thousands of casualties, devastating political consequences and misery for millions – can be launched. It's hardly surprising that Bush is nearly isolated on such a course. Most of Europe, the Soviet Union, China and even the most brazen of Arab harlots

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Egypt was just left a $7 billion debt-forgiveness chit on its bedroom dresser) are opposed to the idea. Saudi princes and petrodollar pushers are having serious second thoughts. Only zealots like Thatcher and Shamir want Bush to go for broke. And still he might.

The one institution that by tradition and law ought to be a major player in these deliberations is the U.S. Congress. It alone can declare war or surrender its responsibility by passing a Gulf of Tonkin–style resolution. Although leaders say they would reconvene Congress in the event of war, Secretary of State Baker has already brushed aside requests made by a few legislators for prior consultation. Baker and Bush will do what they want, and damn the Constitution.

True, a debate in Congress as it is now constituted would almost certainly end in a war resolution, so it is essential that a political struggle begin—beyond the still-marginal protests of a few thousand veterans of the anti-Vietnam movement. There are immense issues that are not even broached: What, after all, is the U.S. war aim in Iraq? Is there a puppet government waiting to be sworn in and flown to Baghdad once Saddam is dead (or captured for the Bush-Thatcher war crimes trial)? Does Jordan go down the tubes as well? Is the Sabah emirate inviolate? What will Israel, Turkey and Syria get out of the war? To whom does Bush owe what? Is the U.S. military presence now permanent?

Bush's denial of a major Congressional role is, on the face of it, already grounds for impeachment. Congress's cowardice is probably criminal in effect, if not intent, and certainly reason enough for ousters en masse. As irresponsible as both wings of government have been in the budget mess and the S&L crisis, nothing compares with their recklessness in the face of war in the gulf.

Courting Libel

Last term in the Supreme Court, in *Milkovich v. Lorain Journal Co.*, seven justices, led by Chief Justice William Rehnquist, jettisoned the last thirty-five years of case law, as well as state and federal court decisions that have allowed journalists full freedom to express their opinions. Under the ruling in *Milkovich*, opinions not supported by fact may be challenged as libelous. Thus if a columnist opines, for example, that Mayor Marion Barry was guilty of the charges on which a Washington jury acquitted him, the columnist could be successfully sued. Even if the columnist merely reports the accusations made against Barry he could lose.

Writing his final dissent, Justice William Brennan warned that if libel laws compel the news media to fear a suit each time they publish opinions of, say, a politician's honesty and intelligence, freedom of the press and free political debate will go out the window. And he rejected Rehnquist's "original intent" argument; according to Brennan, the Framers could not have anticipated the nature of the modern media, so the standards of 1789 cannot be applied to freedom of speech today.

Among the libel cases before the Brennanless Court this term is a suit by psychoanalyst Jeffrey Masson against Janet Malcolm, who admitted inventing quotes attributed to Masson in an article she wrote for *The New Yorker*. The U.S. Court of Appeals in California concluded that while Malcolm may have been inaccurate, her accurate quotes outweighed her inaccurate ones, so she was not guilty of malice, a necessary component of actionable libel under the precedent set in 1964 by *New York Times v. Sullivan*.

The real question here is, Why did the Supreme Court agree to take the case, which involves no important issues of libel law? The answer is that the case fits into the Rehnquist Court's strategy of chipping away at *Sullivan*'s protections, just as it has been chipping away at *Roe v. Wade*.

It's safe to predict that the Court will reverse the dismissal of Masson's appeal and send the case back to trial. The net result of such a move will be to burden the press with more libel suits. The load that this ostensibly "procedural" decision will place on the media will be extraordinary. At present, more than 80 percent of all libel cases are dismissed prior to trial. If, as could be the consequence of a ruling in favor of Masson, the media had to defend even half of these, the financial burden would be onerous and the judgment of lawyers and accountants would replace that of editors on controversial stories.

It seems likely that Justice David Souter will agree with Rehnquist's original intent argument, in *Milkovich*, that the Framers never intended to give the press the freedoms it has enjoyed under *Sullivan*. During Souter's confirmation hearings, senators did not touch on his views on freedom of the press, but there is evidence that he shares the original intent formulation. In a 1989 New Hampshire case, for example, he voted to affirm the conviction of a man who placed signs on public property espousing the unpopular views of a candidate. Judge Souter held that First Amendment rights must give way to the public's right not to be confronted with offensive views.

With Souter on the bench, Rehnquist and the other conservative justices will be emboldened in their campaign to muzzle reporters and editors. The Masson/Malcolm case is a weathervane that will show which way the First Amendment winds are blowing.

MARTIN GARBUS

Martin Garbus practices law in New York City.

Third Parties Out

Third party and independent candidates have traditionally played significant, sometimes crucial roles in American politics. They have frequently served as vehicles to introduce new and controversial ideas into public debate, such as child labor laws, women's suffrage, Social Security, the eight-hour day and civil service reform. But today the Populists or the Socialist Party would have trouble qualifying for the ballot. The rights of Americans to form new parties, to run as independents and to vote for alternative candidates have dramatically eroded over the past few decades.

The main culprit is increasingly stringent state ballot access

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

laws. Some states require a reasonable number of voter signatures to be collected on petitions to allow alternative candidates on the ballot, but in most states the requirements have become so restrictive as to make it difficult—in many cases, virtually impossible—for candidates to run.

In Florida, third parties or independent candidates (other than presidential ones) must collect an incredible 181,421 signatures to gain a place on the state ballot. The state also charges a 10-cents-per-signature "validation fee" for verifying signatures and demands that each signature be collected on an individual petition card. The result: No independent candidate for statewide office, and only one third party, has appeared on the ballot in the past sixty years.

In California, a third party must persuade 76,172 citizens to register in the party's name—or collect 761,714 signatures. Other states with outrageously large requirements as of 1990 include Oklahoma (58,552), Maryland (73,629), North Carolina (43,601) and Massachusetts (33,682). To put these figures in perspective, consider that in 1988 a Democratic presidential hopeful needed only a total of 25,500 valid signatures to run in every primary and caucus in the nation. In contrast, a third-party presidential hopeful needed about 700,000 valid signatures to make every state ballot (meaning a million or so, as a hedge against the inevitable challenges). Only one pulled it off in 1988—New Alliance Party candidate Lenora Fulani.

Mammoth signature requirements are often complicated by a labyrinth of restrictions on when, where and by whom signatures may be collected. Several states demand that candidates collect signatures in a very short period. Louisiana requires that 5 percent of the state's voters register as members of a new party before allowing that party's statewide candidates to appear on the ballot in the party's name. Early deadlines further complicate a third party's task. And the financial burden of fulfilling signature requirements has become prohibitive.

Local defenders of the severe restrictions claim they are necessary to keep hordes of "frivolous" candidates from clogging ballots. Yet states like Wisconsin, Minnesota, New Jersey and Vermont—all with easy ballot requirements—have no problem with frivolous candidates. And the discriminatory way the laws are applied—winked at when the major parties are challenged and enforced strictly against third parties—betrays their true purpose.

The real reason behind unfair ballot access restrictions, of course, is that the Democrats and Republicans want to destroy third party and independent campaigns. Most such laws were passed during times of political change and dissatisfaction with the major parties; in some states laws have been made even more severe after an alternative candidate has managed to comply with them. In the South, such laws have been used to crush black independent and third party efforts. In 1983, while the National Black Independent Political Party was collecting signatures in North Carolina, the state legislature increased its signature requirements sevenfold, neatly killing the N.B.I.P.P. effort. In 1982 the Virginia legislature passed a law clearly designed to crush the proposed independent campaign for the U.S. Senate of L. Douglas Wilder, now Governor but then a State Senator.

For years Congress has had an opportunity to address this problem, at least at the federal level. House Resolution 1582, introduced by John Conyers, would set a ceiling on ballot qualifications for federal candidates. It would set the maximum requirement for candidates seeking federal office at no more than the greater of either 1,000 signatures or a number of signatures equal to one-tenth of 1 percent of the number of registered voters in the jurisdiction during the most recent federal election for that same office.

This year calls are being heard for a new party on the left, or for a new party reflecting the agenda of the National Organization for Women, or for an American Green Party, and so on. At present, however, America's overly strict and undemocratic ballot laws make such proposals mere jawboning. Unless H.R. 1582 is passed—or unless an unprecedented lobbying effort begins in state legislatures—any efforts toward creating new parties are doomed before they start. And millions of Americans will continue to be denied political rights that even Eastern European countries are increasingly enjoying.

JAMES W. HARRIS

James W. Harris, a freelance writer, would like to thank Richard Winger, editor of Ballot Access News, *for his assistance in providing information for this editorial.*

★

NC17-Rated Stuff

What X on movies used to mean
Is now called NC17.
It means no ticket will be sold
To any child who's not that old—
Not even if his mom attests
He's all checked out on human breasts.
He can't get in the movie house,
Not even if he brings his spouse.

I don't see why the N.E.A.
Can't use such ratings for ballet
Producers could avoid arrests,
And those checked out on human breasts
Could see whatever they could bear,
And stay avant, not derrière.
A dance, a play that overwhelms
Our current Comstock, Jesse Helms,
Would carry a rating on the gate:
No senator past sixty-eight.

Calvin Trillin

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Every once in a while, conversation in the capital turns to the worthiness of the Sabah family of Kuwait. If the Sabahs ever learn of these conversations, they must feel a sense of constraint, since it can't be easy to hear people discuss whether or not you are worth dying for. "American boys," said the priceless Representative Robert Dornan the other day, "don't die for emirs." Well not yet they don't, anyway. The question I always insert when these conversations come up is: Are the *Bushes* worth dying for?

Let's see now. Neil Bush is facing civil charges of improper conduct in his directorship of Silverado Savings and Loan, which made in his words "incredibly sweet" deals with his business partners. The significant detail in the Silverado chronology is the resignation of Neil from its board just days after his father secured the Republican nomination. This admirable sense of family loyalty is a trait also found in the President's son Jeb, who works tirelessly for the Republican cause in Miami and serves, no doubt on merit, as the state chair of the campaign to re-elect Governor Robert Martinez. Jeb Bush, it now appears, went into partnership to purchase a Miami office building, using money borrowed by an associate from a Florida savings and loan outfit called Broward Federal. When Broward Federal blew up, the government bailout took care of more than $4 million to make good the loan. This was excellent news for Jeb Bush and his partner, Armando Codina, who negotiated a settlement with the regulators in which they repaid $505,000, retained control of the office building and passed on to the government a $4.6 million second mortgage. This is not immense in the context of a likely total of $70 billion in bailout costs, but it's not bad for one presidential sprig. As is usual in these cases, the transfer of public funds to the pockets of rich people is not in the least illegal. A hilarious paragraph in *The New York Times*'s otherwise sober account of the affair reports:

> Both Mr. Bush and Mr. Codina expressed surprise that the settlement of the loan could be interpreted as the use of taxpayers' money to make good a loan whose proceeds went for their building. Asked if they were aware that the funds for the repayment of the Broward Federal loan came from the taxpayers, both men said no.

They simply took it as their due, which, under arrangements partly determined by Jeb's daddy, it undoubtedly is. This little episode, like the Silverado pampering, provides a handy insight into the mental and moral world of people who make money rather than earn it.

In this delicious world dwells also George Bush Jr., the eldest son of our all-wise Chief Exec and a "director, large stockholder, and $120,000-a-year consultant to a Texas oil company whose potentially lucrative drilling rights in the Persian Gulf are being protected by American troops." I am quoting from the invaluable Pete Brewton of *The Houston Post*, who broke the initial S&L story and has done magnificently in showing the connection between the S&L underworld and the Iran/*contra* black economy. This connection, of course, involves President Bush in multiple capacities [see "Minority Report," July 9].

George Jr.'s firm is the Harken Energy Corporation of Dallas, which last January concluded an agreement with Bahrain, a small island "nation" just off the eastern coast of Saudi Arabia. The agreement gives Harken the exclusive right to explore for, produce and market almost all of Bahrain's offshore oil and gas. According to a recent article in *Forbes*, energy analysts were astounded at the way that such a small and untried business secured such a princely contract. Charles Strain, an analyst at Lovett Underwood Neuhaus and Webb, caroled to *Forbes* that "this is an incredible deal, unbelievable for this small company." That's certainly one way of putting it. (You have probably guessed the corollary.)

In July, Harken engaged the Bass Enterprises Production Company of Fort Worth, Texas, to finance the drilling of the first three wells in Bahrain. The company is owned by the Bass group, a family concern that recently drew $2 billion in federal assistance in order to buy out American Savings and Loan of California. A report by the House Banking Committee described this deal as the worst, from the taxpayers' viewpoint, of all the Southwest bailouts.

Among the three top stockholders in Harken is a Swiss company controlled by South African businessman Anton Rupert and an unnamed Saudi investor who holds 17 percent of the common stock. I was very interested to learn that George Bush Jr. sold a large block of his Harken shares just before the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait. If there's one thing you can say for these Bush boys it's that they have an uncanny sense of political timing.

Finally, and just for the sake of symmetry, I came across a little episode involving Marvin Bush, who is an investment adviser in Virginia. Perhaps by way of showing him the ropes, the President dispatched this admirable son on a mission to Nicaragua last May 15 as part of a delegation that handed over a consignment of medicines to Cardinal Obando y Bravo, spiritual father of the Chamorro coalition. Nicaragua can use the medicines all right—Chamorro's own Health Minister, Ernesto Salmerón, recently announced that 1,300 children died in the first eight months of this year from preventable diseases. (I think I have a rough idea of what disrupted the Nicaraguan health care system to this extent.) The 591 packages of medicine delivered by Marvin Bush were not much when set against the millions given to the *contras*, but still, every little bit helps. Except that, according to Alberto Sequeira, who works for Cofarma, the government's pharmaceutical agency, fully 75 percent of the medicines were either out of date or secondhand. He spoke of opening packages that contained *used* urine receptacles. Telephoned by my friend and colleague Edward Harcourt, Marvin Bush refused to discuss the matter and named an untraceable outfit in Hartford, Connecticut, as the financier of the trip.

Ah, the big Bush and the little Bushes. All of them well insulated from the chill economic wind. All of them well trained in the art of being somewhere else when things turn awkward. Not worth dying for, I'd say. Not worth killing for either.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTICLES.

ELECTION '90

Focus on the State Races

We asked Bruce Shapiro to do a roundup of election races that are of particular interest to progressives. Many of these races involve federal or gubernatorial offices, but with more governmental functions devolving on the states, local offices have gained new importance. It's at this level that progressives, through independent alliances with community and labor activists, are making the best showing. —The Editors

BRUCE SHAPIRO

Iowa: This year Iowa's tradition of liberal populism faces crucial tests in close races for both U.S. senator and governor.

The Senate campaign pits incumbent Tom Harkin against Tom Tauke, a conservative Republican Representative from the state's second district. Harkin, a vocal backer of agricultural reform, holds what's long been a volatile Senate seat (it has switched between Republicans and Democrats in each of the last three elections). Abortion rights dominated the beginning of the race, but in recent weeks it has boiled down to senior-citizen issues. Older Iowans' anger at Republican tax and budget positions helped to give Harkin a fourteen-point lead in an October 14 *Des Moines Register* poll, but 14 percent of the voters were still undecided.

The biggest furor has been aroused by the gubernatorial race between incumbent Republican Terry Branstad and Speaker of the state House Don Avenson. "Where we are going as a state is really much more tied up in the governor's race," says one veteran politician. "This is an election between those who believe in activist government and [those who see] government as a passive vehicle."

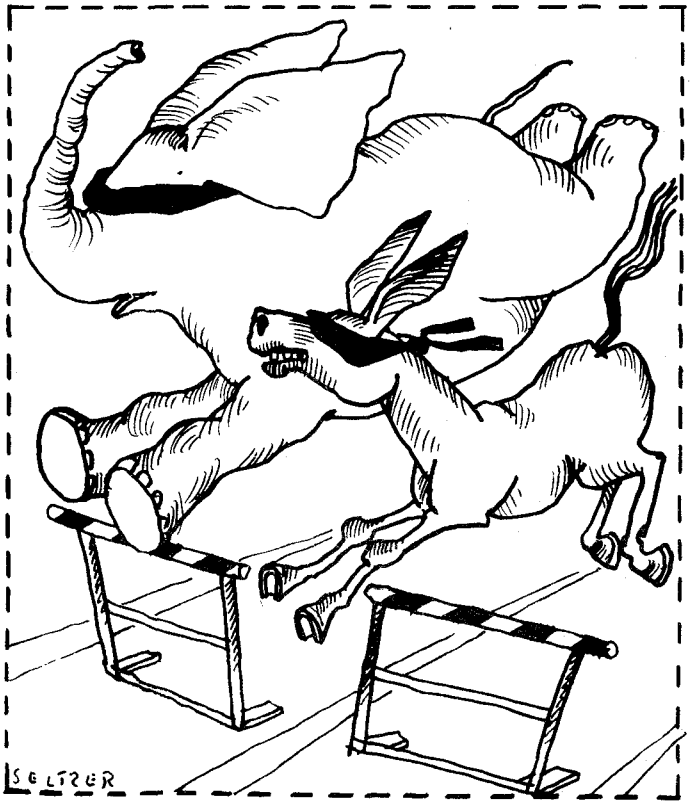
Branstad's critics call him "the Governor of do-nothing." He's championed an economic development strategy based on low-paying service jobs, and he spent millions of dollars luring a General Motors Saturn plant that never materialized. Last year the state legislature finally rebelled, redirecting lottery funds earmarked for economic development into environmental protection efforts. By contrast, Avenson champions the carefully planned creation of jobs with adequate benefits. As a legislator, he shepherded through a crucial groundwater-protection bill that encourages farming without chemicals, as well as several tax-reform and health care measures. In recent weeks, according to polls, Branstad has pulled ahead. In part that's because Branstad has shifted his campaign strategy, moving away from his achievements as Governor to aggressive attacks on Avenson for being a big spender and for not supporting the death penalty.

Iowa, by the way, is home to one of the few Congressional candidates in the nation, other than Vermont's Bernie Sanders, with the political courage to join that radical publication *Consumer Reports* in calling for a national health service. His name is Eric Taber, and he's running a strong campaign for Tom Tauke's old seat.

Massachusetts: If John Silber becomes Governor of Massachusetts, will he make the state a C.I.A. front? The question isn't as off-the-wall as it sounds. Back in 1985, Boston University president Silber lent his university to the Reagan Administration's aid program for U.S.-backed rebels in Afghanistan, who had found themselves discredited by media coverage. The mujahedeen patrons in Langley, Virginia, helped cook up an outfit called the Afghan Media Resource Center, which was designed to plant guerrillas as "reporters" who would pass news copy and photos to Western media organizations.

Silber's school staffed the short-lived effort and recruited journalists to train the guerrillas. The operation was funded by a contract with the U.S. Information Agency. "Silber felt that so long as he was insulated by the U.S.I.A. and therefore could claim no direct knowledge of the C.I.A., there was no ethical problem," says one former B.U. official. Silber's campaign declined to comment on the story.

Silber's C.I.A. adventure—and the dubious ethic it reflects—so far hasn't been an issue in the petty and



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ISADORE SELTZER

Bruce Shapiro, a contributor to Building Bridges: The Emerging Grassroots Coalition of Labor and Community *(Monthly Review Press), is writing a book on political repression. Peter Siskind provided research assistance.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vituperative race between him and Republican William Weld, which offers a choice so miserable that some western Massachusetts activists are sponsoring a write-in campaign for "none of the above." In recent weeks each candidate has accused the other—correctly—of flip-flopping on such key issues as abortion funding and tax limitation. Silber, who won his primary with scathingly dismissive remarks about Boston's African-Americans, accused one Weld ally of "bigotry of a pretty unsavory sort" directed at Catholics. Weld rails at his rival for his contempt for voters' intelligence, as evinced by such Silberisms as "Are you kidding me? . . . They [voters] do not know the implications [of tax limitation] even if they knew the details."

But all this high-flying fur, as well as the radical tax cut proposed in a ballot referendum, has obscured a far more significant development in Massachusetts politics: a dramatic jump in the number of genuinely progressive state legislative candidates, drawn from grass-roots activist organizations. Most of these candidates are likely to win assembly seats. "This is a better year for progressives than we've seen in a long time," says Carin Schiewe, political director of Massachusetts Citizen Action. In Democratic legislative primaries, the Commonwealth Coalition (made up of citizens' groups, feminists, labor unions and others) worked for twenty-five candidates; all but three made it onto November's ballot. In several cases, candidates directly emerged from the ranks of those organizations. In Brookline, for instance, housing rights activist Marc Draisen won his State House primary by thirty-eight votes and faces a fiscally conservative Republican in the general election. In Boston's Dorchester neighborhood, Nelson Merced, a protégé of former mayoral candidate Mel King and the first Latino elected to the State House, comfortably defeated a Democratic rival. Merced speaks with passionate eloquence of both the potential and challenges involved in coalition building between urban ethnic communities and issues activists. He defeated a conservative Democratic rival and now faces a Republican and an independent in the general election.

This is the second election season for the Commonwealth Coalition, which was founded in 1987. Schiewe foresees for the first time a progressive legislative caucus of perhaps fifteen to twenty seats—a substantial presence in the fractious Massachusetts assembly. Similar coalitions are active elsewhere in New England, including the Dirigo Alliance in Maine, the Granite State Coalition in New Hampshire, the Ocean State Action in Rhode Island, and the Legislative Electoral Action Program in Connecticut.

Louisiana: Journalists have spilled gallons of ink writing about racist David Duke's near victory in the Louisiana U.S. Senate race, but few have told us more than the basics, namely, that 60 percent of the state's white voters—some 550,000 residents—pulled the lever for the Ku Klux Klandidate. All told, Duke drew 43.5 percent of the total vote against incumbent conservative Democrat J. Bennett Johnston.

Louisiana's leaders seem more concerned about the state's image than about the real threat of Duke's racist appeal. Governor Buddy Roemer thinks the problem is anxiety. Asked recently about Duke's success, he told reporters, "There are a number of people in this state who feel the federal government is not responsive, and I happen to be one of them, on an energy policy and balancing the budget."

The state's business community has been similarly bland. Ron Jones, a New Orleans developer, told *The Times-Picayune* that Duke "paints a picture of Louisiana as backwards and archaic," which could hurt his ability to attract out-of-state business. Arthur Deichmann, economic development director of St. Bernard Parish (which Duke carried in the election), told me that "a strong work ethic, good plant sites and strong education" are more important to Louisiana's economic health than Duke's fortunes.

In Connecticut the only race has been a 50-yard dash to the center between Morrison and Weicker.

Connecticut: On paper, Connecticut's gubernatorial race should be one of the most exciting electoral free-for-alls in the nation—for progressives, right-wing Republicans and third-party advocates alike. In actuality, it's been disappointing. The Democratic candidate is Bruce Morrison, a U.S. Representative since 1983 and renowned as a fierce advocate for economic justice on issues ranging from immigration to the savings and loan scandal. The Republican is U.S. Representative John Rowland, who is antiunion, historically antichoice and one of the most dedicated hawks in Congress. And then there's the independent: Watergate committee firebrand and former U.S. Senator Lowell Weicker.

So far, the only race has been a 50-yard dash to the center between Morrison and Weicker; Rowland alone has lived up to his promise, bashing unions and liberals in a hard-hitting series of television ads. Morrison, long a defender of the poor in a state with three of the nation's most impoverished cities, now campaigns cautiously on the theory that Connecticut's affluent voters want a good manager for their money. His campaign organization is largely barren of the community activists who first put him in office. He shocked longtime supporters with a chicken-hearted response to persistent calls for an income tax to replace the state's regressive tax structure. Some activist unions such as the New England Health Care Employees Union, District 1199, one of his earliest sources of support in Congressional campaigns, found Morrison's campaigning and positions so disappointing they threw their weight behind Weicker. What's more, Morrison's strategy hasn't even paid off with Connecticut's voters: For months, he has run third in the polls.

And what about Weicker, the maverick Republican who filibustered for civil rights? In 1988, he was turned from office by a conservative Democrat who branded Weicker "the sleeping bear," content to rest on his laurels. Weicker's current campaign, which is short on substance and long on name recognition, suggests that the nap isn't over.

For months Weicker has enjoyed a clear lead, but recent

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

polls indicate the race among the three candidates is narrowing. One veteran Connecticut activist puts it this way: "I'll wait until the last poll before Election Day, see who can beat Rowland, hold my nose and pull the lever."

Vermont: The exciting news from Vermont is that independent socialist Bernie Sanders is within striking distance of the state's only seat in the House of Representatives. The depressing news is that if he loses, Vermont may have little to show for it.

For months, Sanders has enjoyed a diplomatic understanding with liberal Vermont Democrats like Senator Patrick Leahy who figure that if Sanders can oust incumbent Republican Peter Smith, their party will eventually inherit the seat when Sanders moves on to other pursuits. So they've put considerable distance between themselves and the official Democratic candidate, Dolores Sandoval. (In the past Sanders has supported Democrats, including Walter Mondale and Leahy.)

The latest poll results show Sanders and Smith neck and neck, though at least one private poll shows Sanders ahead. On October 17, Sanders took a financial gamble, buying an expensive five minutes of television time to talk informally about his family and his politics. Vermont observers say Smith was hurt by his support for President Bush's budget proposal. This move aided Sanders's efforts to depict Smith as an establishment figure working within an obsolete system. (Smith, a moderate, has recently opposed the President's veto of the Civil Rights Act of 1990 and criticized Bush's tax proposals.) Recently Smith has taken to emphasizing Sanders's socialism in an effort to alienate voters from him.

In the campaign's final weeks, Sanders has two problems. The first and largest is money: As of the last public filing he had spent nearly all of the $267,000 he'd raised, while Smith had more than $167,000 still in the bank. The second is long-term: If he loses the election, what's next for Vermont? The state has the independent Progressive Vermont Alliance, aiming to place candidates in legislative and county offices. But like Weicker in Connecticut, Sanders is running on charisma. Should he lose, his campaign will leave no broader organization in its wake.

North Carolina: Harvey Gantt's achingly close challenge to Jesse Helms for his seat in the Senate has produced at least one interesting twist: Helms has found himself deprived of overt racism as a weapon in his campaign. "Helms has been unable to say the word 'black' in this campaign," says Barry Yeoman, associate editor of *The Independent*, a Durham weekly [see Yeoman, "Black Hope in North Carolina," May 14]. "Gantt has saturated advertising with his face, so his color is just a fact rather than a controversy."

Gantt's greatest problem may not be racism but poor organization, in contrast to Helms's well-oiled machine. The challenger's campaign staff comes from outside the regular Democratic Party, much of it young attorneys and other professionals from urban areas like Charlotte, whose experience is limited to local politics, along with a handful of left activists. Winning the election will require a large turnout of

A NEW BASIC PAMPLET

PERSIAN GULF CRISIS –

U.N. PEACE NEGOTIATIONS; NO TO WAR!

compiled and written by
BETH AND CORLISS LAMONT

President Bush sent vast numbers of U.S. troops into Saudi Arabia to oppose Saddam Hussein's outrageous military seizure of Kuwait. Bush made this rash move without waiting for joint action by the United Nations. It was a violation of the War Powers Act and of the American People's Right to Know, the most basic of our civil liberties.

American troops now number more than 200,000, with large naval and air forces in support. There have been more than 30 deaths in the armed forces (Oct. 19), many of these in night airplane crashes.

We are faced with our President's having the United States again play World Policeman through Presidential decrees, as in the cruel and vicious invasions of Vietnam, Grenada and Panama. Have we learned nothing? Military confrontations are not solutions.

A PEACEFUL SOLUTION MUST BE WORKED OUT THROUGH UNITED NATIONS NEGOTIATIONS!

Order from
BASIC PAMPHLETS
Box 42, New York, N.Y. 10025

50¢. Special prices on bulk orders:
3 copies $1; 10 copies $3.50; 30 copies $6.50;
50 copies or more, 40% discount.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pro-Gantt African-American voters. It will also require the support of swing voters, largely working-class women and women in the hard-to-organize suburbs. □

COLLOR'S 'NEW BRAZIL'

Shock Treatment For the Poor

KEN SILVERSTEIN

Rio de Janeiro

Shortly before he took office earlier this year Brazil's President, Fernando Collor de Mello, declared that his plan to revive the country's reeling economy would "leave the right indignant and the left perplexed." This was in the Collor tradition of calculated unpredictability. In the election race he had called himself a champion of the "shirtless and shoeless," a foe of the "corrupt elite," a soldier against "jungle capitalism." Then he ran as dirty a campaign against Workers Party leader Luís Inâcio Lula da Silva as this country has seen, funded by those same corrupt elites and jungle capitalists he claimed to oppose. They had their doubts but trusted that Collor—at 41 a representative of the "new generation" of Brazil's ruling elite and their only shield against a socialist victory—would finally follow the predictable propensities of his class.

Still, Collor had promised a "New Brazil," and the rhetoric that helped him attract a tremendous following among the poorest, whose votes brought him to power, needed to be translated into action. Thus the economic plan was intended to "liquidate" inflation, then running at an annual rate of 5,000 percent. On his first full day in office Collor announced the sale of official cars and ministerial mansions, new taxes on the rich, a prohibition on numbered Swiss-style bank accounts which had encouraged financial speculation and, most shocking, a "freeze"—in less polite language, confiscation—of $115 billion in savings deposits and high-paying money-market accounts for eighteen months. This move, he said, would hurt only the well off, since all accounts with less than $600, a huge chunk of money for most Brazilians, would be untouched.

Next to those audacious measures such conservative standards as the privatization of state-run companies, layoffs of public employees and relaxation of barriers to imports and foreign investment—also part of the plan—seemed inconsequential, and the rich were appalled.

"This was the greatest blow to Brazil's elite since the slaves were freed and the slavemasters weren't indemnified," wrote Rio's best-known gossip columnist, Ibrahim Sued, in *O Globo*. The poor were elated. Inflation dropped sharply from pre-plan levels, and increased spending power was reflected in energetic buying of food and cheap housewares. "If we had won and done this," said Roberto Freire, a Communist Party federal deputy, referring to the bank freeze, "the presidential palace would have been surrounded and many people, including me, would be headed for exile."

Now, half a year later, the rich are reassured, the poor are again awaiting the Promised Land, and the only perplexity for the left—by no means a minor one—is implicit in Freire's comment: What is the socialist alternative, and how could it survive the right's indignation?

For all its opening drama the Collor plan turned out to be only a minor variation on the familiar International Monetary Fund austerity package, attacking inflation by pulling the plug on the economy in those areas most likely to affect the lower classes. The vaunted bank freeze ultimately proved to be a giant sieve. Wealthy individuals and large companies managed to unfreeze billions of dollars, mostly by paying off debts and taxes, which the rules allowed. Less than half the $115 billion blocked in March is still retained by the country's Central Bank, and a University of São Paulo study estimates that just about all of it belongs not to companies but to individuals, many of them middle-class and working-class salary earners who had scratched out savings for a house, a car, travel or retirement.

That has greatly cushioned the blow to the nation's powerful. A survey by the J. Walter Thompson agency conducted in late June showed a return to pre-plan consumption patterns. "Collor's policies are not a threat to the wealthy because they do not redistribute income between social classes," said Celia Chiavone, the agency's vice president for planning and research. "The rich are now leading absolutely normal lives."

The corporate sector, after an early shock, is generally pleased with Collor. A recent editorial in the U.S. Chamber of Commerce's local newsletter, "Update," stated: "Amidst all the immediate apprehension, it is important to step back and look at . . . positive signs. The optimism comes from a reading that . . . this administration is trying to take the economy in the right direction." Even bankers, who were supposed to pay dearly for the easy profits they made during the past few years of outrageous inflation, are complacent; most of them have reported first-half profits up from last year.

So what are those positive signs discerned by the Chamber of Commerce? Almost immediately after the plan was put into effect the monthly inflation rate, which then stood at 84 percent, dropped to single figures. But that lasted for only a few months, and the rate climbed up to 12.6 percent in September. Meanwhile, the bank freeze and a subsequent constriction of monetary and credit policy brought industrial production to its lowest level in a decade. The government's own Institute of Economic and Social Planning is predicting that the gross national product will fall by 4.7 percent this year.

With output and sales slumping, companies laid off workers in droves. This was felt most sharply in the construction sector, which in São Paulo and Rio employs huge numbers of low-paid migrant workers from the impoverished northeast. In April some bus companies had to add extra

Ken Silverstein is a journalist based in Brazil.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vehicles for routes serving the northeast, as disappointed and cruzeiro-less migrants had no choice but to return home. All told, hundreds of thousands of private-sector workers have been fired since March, while Collor axed 100,000 public employees as part of his reform program. The economy now appears to have bottomed out, but long lines of the unemployed still wind around Labor Ministry offices in major cities.

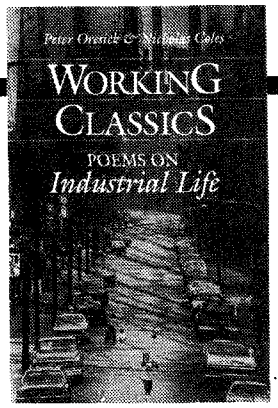
Along with recession have come slashed salaries. In the public sphere wages were frozen until October, when workers got a small raise. In the private sector automatic monthly cost-of-living adjustments, whereby wages were indexed to inflation, have been abolished. Instead, workers must "freely" negotiate pay raises with employers. Since most workers are more worried about holding on to their jobs than fighting for a raise, real wages have dropped an estimated 16 percent from their 1989 average.

Not surprisingly, opposition to the New Brazil plan has grown. Unions, at first demobilized by the recession, have called hundreds of strikes in the past few months. The most violent conflict occurred at the Ford Motor Company plant in São Bernardo do Campo, an industrial suburb of São Paulo, where a long strike ended in late July after workers won a 59 percent pay hike (significantly less than what they had demanded). A week before the dispute was over, state troopers were called in because metalworkers had smashed and burned cars and broken windows throughout the plant. "The incidents at Ford were a sign of the future violence that could erupt," warns Vicente Paulo da Silva, president of the São Bernardo do Campo Metalworkers Union. "One million workers on the street is a brush fire that could rage out of control at any moment."

Clearly the working class has been pushed to the wall. As Josemar de Medeiros, a Ford worker who earns the equivalent of $915 a month, put it, "This salary makes me a member of the elite of Brazil's work force, yet I can't buy new clothes for my children, can't pay a day care center, can barely pay the rent for a cramped two-bedroom apartment and can't even dream of buying what I produce." Things are far worse for the two-thirds of the work force that is unorganized. Those who earn the minimum salary—about half the population—have seen their purchasing power sink to a historic low. Worth about $60 a month, it doesn't even come close to covering the cost of the "basic basket" of staple goods required to support a family of four.

"Collor said the poor were going to have food on the table, but I'm lucky if I can pay for rice, bread and beans," said Conceicão Cunha Gomes, who works at a day care center in Rocinha, a huge hilltop *favela* that borders the rich beachfront district of São Conrado overlooking the Atlantic. "If you add together all the meat I've eaten in the past month you wouldn't have enough to make a meatball."

Evaraldo Menezes de Paixão, a middle-aged man who lives with his wife on the city's periphery and who lost his job at a Coca-Cola plant days after Collor announced his plan, pithily summed up the economic analysis shared by many poor Brazilians: "What good is lower inflation if I don't have any money to buy anything?"



Father Answers His Adversaries
by Lawrence Kearney

It's early March, Eisenhower still
president, & Mother's heating up supper
for the third time tonight.
We're at the table doing homework,
& she tells us Father's next in line
for foreman, that today he'll know for sure.
He's three hours late.

Half past eight the Chevy
screeches into the carport.
For a minute, nothing.
Then the sudden slam, & the thump downstairs
to the basement. Beneath our feet
Father lays into the workbench
with a sledgehammer—the jam jars
of nails, of screws, of nuts & bolts
he'd taken years to sort out
exploding against the wall.

Later, sheepish, he comes up,
slumps in his seat & asks for supper.
And when Mother brings his plate
& he looks up at her
& she takes his head on her breast,
he blushes, turns away, & spits out
that final, weary-mouthed answer
to all of it—General Motors & the bosses
& the union pimps & the punched-out Johnnies,
every yes-man goddam ass-lick
who'd ever been jumped to foreman
over him—*aah crap's like cream,*
it rises.

From *Working Classics: Poems on Industrial Life*, edited by Peter Oresick and Nicholas Coles. "One of the finest anthologies of poetry that I have ever seen. . . . The theme is work — or rather working people. The editors have gathered a wealth of magnificent poems about what made this country what it is. If you are looking for poems that speak of sweat and effort and glory and tragedy, you will find them in *Working Classics*." — Samuel Hazo, *The Pittsburgh Press*. Cloth, $34.95; paper, $13.95.

At bookstores, or order toll free 800/545-4703, or write

University of Illinois Press
P. O. Box 4856 • Hampden Post Office • Baltimore, MD 21211

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Politically the cruelties of the New Brazil plan have affected Collor's popularity but not in any definitive way. According to one reliable poll 63 percent of Brazilians thought his administration was "good or excellent" and only 7 percent thought it "bad or terrible" after his first month in office (the rest were neutral); now the responses are divided almost evenly—34 percent good, 20 percent bad. And where once the poor were his most enthusiastic backers, now that designation belongs to the rich.

Yet given the extent of social dislocation he has caused, Collor's continuing support is impressive. That is less surprising when you consider that inflation, which totaled an incomprehensible 41 million percent over the course of the 1980s, had crippled the economy in recent years. Four national currencies were used between 1986 and 1990, wages were systematically eroded, and Brazilians went to the supermarket without having any idea how much money they would have to pay at checkout time. Many had accepted that sacrifice would be necessary to bring the cost of living under control.

Whether the New Brazil plan can do this, however, is decidedly hazy. Collor's vow to end inflation during his first year in office will not be kept, and government officials say they will throw the economy into a second tailspin if necessary. Opposition economist José Marcio Camargo says the government's recessionary policies should keep inflation from climbing wildly, at least for the near future. But he predicted an extended period of negative or little economic growth: "Other countries have carried out similar 'shock' plans, such as Bolivia, Mexico and Israel. Their experiences show that the recession required to bring down high inflation is very long lasting."

Political opportunity thus awaits opposition forces, but will they seize it? So far, the Brazilian left has made Collor's life easy by merely criticizing his initiatives rather than devising anti-inflationary policy alternatives that would truly penalize the rich. Lula's Workers Party (P.T.), a coalition of trade unionists, the progressive wing of the Catholic Church and rural activists, set up a "parallel government" early this year to monitor Collor's administration, but when it finally released its first policy proposal in September, the subject was educational reform—important but hardly the most pressing issue on people's minds.

SUBSCRIBER SERVICES

MOVING?

Send both your old mailing label and your new address to:

THE NATION
P.O. Box 10763
Des Moines IA 50340-0763

Please allow 4-6 weeks for processing.

PROBLEMS?

If you have any problems or questions regarding your subscription, please write to us at the address to the left, or call:

1 (800) 333-8536
Monday to Friday
7:00 am to 7:00 pm CST
Saturday
8:00 am to 4:00 pm CST

The October 3 elections for Congress and governorships similarly indicated weakness on the left. The votes are still trickling in, but the P.T. appears to have doubled its congressional seats to thirty-two, and party candidates made it into runoff gubernatorial elections in two small Amazon states. But the overall results, in which the P.T.'s gubernatorial candidates finished way behind in most major states, were disappointing in view of the scope of the economic downturn.

This outcome was partly self-inflicted: The party's "bases," grass-roots committees that vote on party policy, had earlier rejected a proposal by the leadership to form alliances with other leftists in states where the P.T.'s own candidates stood no chance of winning. Popular, well-known potential candidates were bypassed in favor of more radical party members who had far less public support. The Democratic Labor Party, led by populist Leonel Brizola, did slightly better but, again, not as well as expected. Meanwhile, conservatives and outright reactionaries won most races—though their victories do not necessarily signal an endorsement of Collor. Most of the elections revolved around local issues, and clientelism still insures the right's control of many rural states. Tellingly, Collor's House and Senate leaders, both of whom resigned their posts to run for governorships and were considered sure winners, were forced into runoffs in which they are now underdogs.

The left's failures in the election are all the more surprising because, in addition to the recession, progressives had formidable electoral ammunition. Collor vowed to extinguish the National Information Service, a secret police holdover from the military dictatorship of 1964-85; instead, he has simply renamed the agency, which continues to spy on the population. A self-declared enemy of corruption, Collor said he would "moralize" government, but in recent months large state publicity contracts were lavished on advertising companies that worked for his presidential campaign—contracts the government said were so urgent they were awarded without public bidding. The President said he would carry out a major agrarian reform program; so far he has announced no such program, rural violence persists and the killers of peasant activists continue to act with impunity. And as the centerpiece of his campaign he had promised to fire overpaid state "maharajas," public employees who draw huge salaries while rarely showing up for work; so far, most of the state workers he has fired have been doormen, elevator operators, drivers and other low-paid employees. The maharajas remain safely in their sinecures.

Central to the left's disarray is the collective depression that followed the 1989 election. The P.T. had stitched together a coalition that included the entire spectrum of Brazil's progressive forces. Although it was ridiculed by the press as being far too radical, polls showed Lula poised to overtake Collor as the election neared. Days before the vote the P.T. held one of the most emotional political rallies in the country's history: 500,000 people packed downtown Rio, waved red flags and sang the "Internationale" and the national anthem. Few who left there that night doubted that victory was only a matter of counting up the ballots.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The "hangover" that came when that expectation was dashed was devastating, and within the P.T. it prompted a re-evaluation of the party's political project. Lula himself abandoned the electoral arena in order to work on building the party at the base. That decision almost certainly resulted in electoral losses in this year's vote, but Lula was betting on the long term. Opposition to Collor is centered in the unions, professional groups, neighborhood associations, Christian base communities and other organized sectors—exactly those who form the P.T.'s heart and whose strength must be increased if a challenge to Collor is to be mounted.

The battle under way here is the same that is brewing in much of Latin America. The P.T., which had criticized the old Communist governments of Eastern Europe since its emergence in the late 1970s, has never been an orthodox left-wing party. And Collor, despite his allegiances and instincts, is not a conventional Latin rightist. The targets of the two sides reveal their true goals, constituencies and priorities. For Collor, the country's biggest problem is inflation. For the P.T. it is poverty. The party's task is to convince Brazilians that democratic socialism is a better option than democratic capitalism. □

IMMIGRANT-BASHING

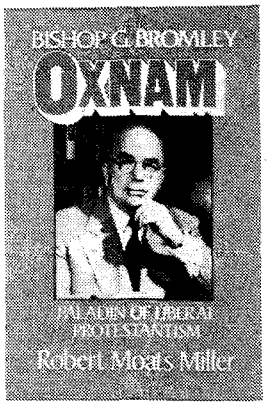
The Mexican Border War

MIRIAM DAVIDSON

"Hello, Beaners! Starting a war with the white man, down on Dairy Mart road? We will definitely accommodate you! We don't want any more greaseballs coming up here illegally. . . . your filth has been degenerating this country for years, and now the white man is going to act determinedly to stop you in your tracks. California is not Greaseville, you have no right to be here, and you will be stopped. Dig it? So tell your compadres they are playing with fire, and you can get burned by fire, and the white man will rub two mexicans together to make his fire, can you dig it?"

This neatly typed letter, signed "WARBOYS—A White Aryan faction from the Great Aryan Nations," was sent to Roberto Martínez of the San Diego office of the "American Friends Beaner Committee." The Warboys were responding to Martínez's call for counterdemonstrations against the monthly Light Up the Border vigils on the California-Mexico line. Light Up the Border was begun last November by Muriel Watson, widow of a border patrol pilot. She wanted to stage a symbolic demonstration of how we had "lost control" of our southern border. Soon, as many as 500

Miriam Davidson, a freelance writer based in Arizona, is author of Convictions of the Heart: Jim Corbett and the Sanctuary Movement *(University of Arizona Press).*



Now, nearly three decades after his death, the definitive biography of liberal Protestantism's most visionary, eclectic, and combative prelate arrives from the pen of the world's most celebrated biographer of religious personalities . . .

Robert Moats Miller's
Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam
Paladin of Liberal Protestantism

Not a hagiography, this biography captures both the chronology and the character of Oxnam and his episcopate, which spanned the era from the Depression to the early struggles of the Civil Rights movement at a time when liberal mainline Protestantism not just governed, but virtually defined American majority culture. A founder of the Federal, National, and World Councils of Churches and American University's School of International Service, Oxnam's work as an ecumenist, educator, and internationalist knew no national boundaries. A champion of civil liberties and Methodism's resident bishop in the nation's capital, he trounced Joseph McCarthy and his House Un-American Activities Committee in front of national TV cameras, and thus earned the admiration and enmity of people both within and outside the churches.

"Literally a masterpiece in research, scope, arrangement, and interpretation." —George McGovern

ROBERT MOATS MILLER, professor of history at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, is also the author of *Harry Emerson Fosdick: Preacher, Pastor, Prophet*; *How Shall They Hear Without a Preacher?: The Life of Ernest Fremont Tittle*; and *American Protestantism and Social Issues, 1919-1939.*

$29.95, hardcover, 608 pages, 0-687-03564-3

Abingdon Press

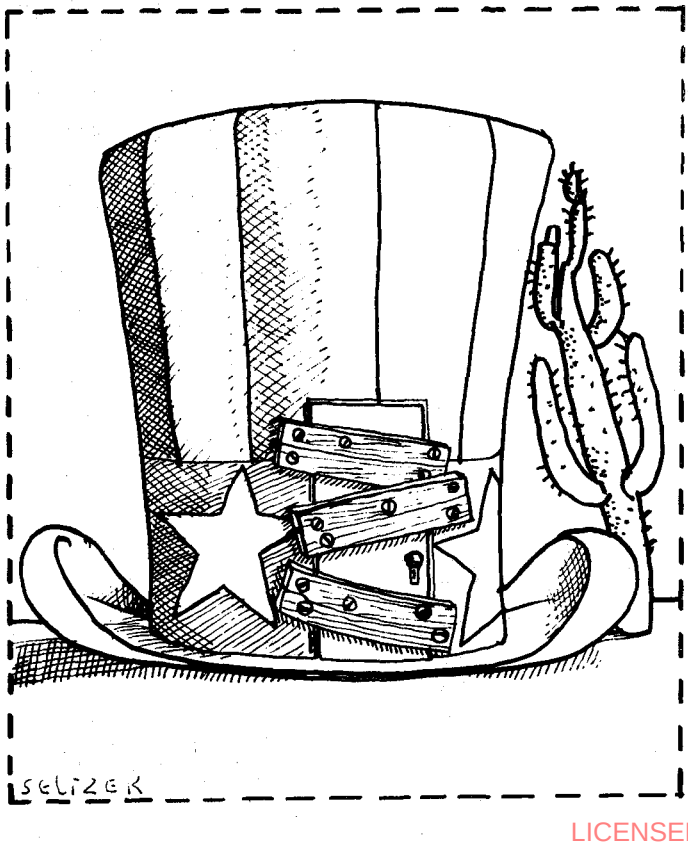
Order from your local bookstore,
which may call toll free 1-800-251-3320
Individual customers call toll free 1-800-672-1789
or write Cokesbury Service Center
201 Eighth Ave, South / Nashville, TN 37202-0801

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cars and 1,500 people were "lighting up the border" by parking along Dairy Mart Road at dusk and facing their headlights toward the Mexican hills, where hundreds gather every night to attempt to cross into the United States. In April, Martínez and other human rights activists in the San Diego area began counterdemonstrations, using mirrors and pieces of aluminum foil to reflect the headlights back toward the United States. By May, confrontations between the two groups of demonstrators were becoming increasingly hostile. When the Warboys made it known they were planning to have a hundred skinheads at the next Light Up the Border, both sides, fearing violence, decided to call it off. But in late August, the Light Up the Border vigils were started again, not only along the border but in two other areas of San Diego County where Mexican workers gather.

Following a decline after the passage of the Immigration Reform and Control Act in 1986, illegal immigration is on the rise again. Arrests fell from a record high of 1.6 million the year the I.R.C.A. was passed to 854,655 in 1989. So far in 1990, 1,046,420 have been caught. The Immigration and Naturalization Service (I.N.S.) estimates that 90 percent of the people it arrests are Mexican nationals. It should be noted that apprehension figures are only a vague indication of the actual number of people who enter the country "without inspection." The same person could be arrested several different times, each counting as a separate arrest, and it is estimated that from two to five times as many get through as are arrested. Given Mexico's economic situation—almost 50 percent unemployment, 1 million young people entering the work force each year and a severely devalued peso—even the threat of arrest, deportation, robbery, beating or worse is not enough to keep people from crossing.

Although racism against Mexicans is nothing new, as the underlying population and economic pressures that drive immigrants north continue to worsen, anti-Mexican hate and violence are also on the increase. The problem is particularly acute in the San Diego area, where an estimated 50 to 60 percent of all illegal crossings are attempted, and where many relatively affluent whites live in proximity to the border. Recent arrivals from other parts of the United States are shocked at the number of Mexicans who gather each night on the Otay Mesa to make the crossing, and they receive ready support for their calls to "do something" from right-wing leaders like Roger Hedgecock, a former Mayor of San Diego who now has his own radio talk show. Hedgecock calls for more fences, ditches and border patrolmen to stem the flow. People who oppose him are called "communists" by Hedgecock. Reasonable discussion of the actual costs and benefits of Mexican workers to our economy is lost in all the overheated rhetoric, and it's not surprising that hate criminals like the Warboys feel justified in acting out against defenseless illegal immigrants.



In the summer of 1986, an anticommunist paramilitary group called Civilian Matériel Assistance set up a camp in southern Arizona to intercept drug traffickers who they claim fund Communist governments. Using an array of weapons including AK-47s and M-16s, they ambushed and detained a group of at least twelve Mexicans for several hours until the border patrol arrived. The Alabama-based C.M.A., which sent more than $4 million worth of assistance to the Nicaraguan *contras* the previous year, insisted it had received prior approval from the border patrol for its activities. Despite denials and condemnations from border patrol spokespersons, one C.M.A. member said his group was even given "grid coordinates" of an area where illegals were routinely stopped. "The border patrol told us where the sensors were buried," he said. "There is no way we could have found them otherwise."

No one was hurt in the C.M.A. incident, but other Mexican immigrants have suffered severely at the hands of racist vigilantes. In November 1988, 17-year-old Kenneth Kovzelove and 19-year-old Dennis Bencivenga, two middle-class whites described by a friend as "infatuated" with guns and killing, went driving in a pickup around rural Del Mar, California, looking for Mexicans. Kovzelove told his companion to stop near two young Latinos standing by the side of the road, and when he did Kovzelove opened fire with a semiautomatic rifle, killing both men. Kovzelove, who told the judge he committed the murders because he "didn't like" Mexicans, received fifty years to life for the crime; Bencivenga received fourteen years. Both victims were here legally, although that made no difference to their attackers.

More ordinary citizens have also been accused of hate crimes against Mexicans in north San Diego County, an agricultural area populated with migrant farmworkers. Mexican immigrants have been beaten, attacked, robbed at gunpoint and shot with war-game-type paint cartridges. In January of this year, the proprietor of a Carlsbad general store and his brother, tired of migrants looking for work loitering in front of their establishment, tied up a young Mexican with duct tape, handcuffed him to the back porch

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the store, put a paper bag with no holes in it over his head and wrote on the bag, *No más aquí* ("no more here"). Candido Galloso Salas was trapped there for at least two hours, during which time several customers and employees and at least one border patrolman saw him and did nothing. Even more disturbing was the reaction of a local police officer to the incident.

"They [the two brothers] were frustrated, pure and simple, but I don't think this thing has any racist overtones," Carlsbad Detective Sgt. Bill Huntington told the *Los Angeles Times*. "This thing is a two-way street. A businessman loses thousands of dollars a year to shoplifters, people scaring away his good customers."

Perhaps the best-known incident of civilian harassment of Mexican immigrants occurred this past February, when footage of San Diego–area teenagers playing war games on the border was aired on the Fox TV show *The Reporters*. The boys, some of whom were members of the Junior R.O.T.C. at their high school, were dressed in combat fatigues and carried BB guns. The show depicted them chasing down entire Mexican families, which they referred to as "live bait" and "beaners." The teens forced their quarry to kneel with hands on heads while they asked questions. "Who are they going to complain to?" one teenage hunter asked. "They shouldn't be over here in the first place." Although a border patrol spokesperson denied that such war games were going on, twice during the filming the teenagers were stopped by border patrol agents. Both times the agents told them to be careful and drove away.

The show caused an uproar. The teenagers immediately held a press conference to deny they were hunting Mexicans; they said they were just hunting one another. The San Diego Police Department supported the teens' contention that their activities had been misrepresented on the show. But by the end of April, the police acknowledged that the kids had indeed been hunting aliens. No charges were ever filed.

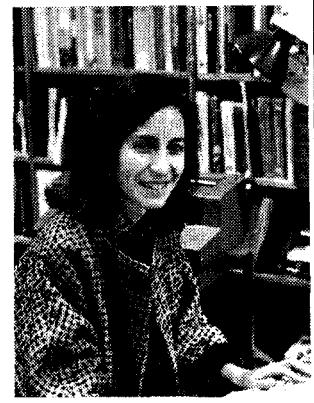
The numerous incidents of hate crimes against Mexican immigrants by civilians, as bad as they are, are not as ominous as similar abuses by law-enforcement officials. These crimes, too, are on the rise. The Immigration Law Enforcement Monitoring Project (ILEMP) of the American Friends Service Committee has documented hundreds of cases of violence in the past four years against both citizens and noncitizens by border patrolmen and other immigration enforcement officers. These incidents range from kickings and beatings to shootings and vehicle run-downs. In testimony before a Congressional panel in April, Roberto Martínez and Maria Jimenez of the ILEMP described some of the more extreme examples:

§ In March of last year, 22-year-old Francisco Ruíz Chávez and his seven-months-pregnant wife, Evelyn, were stopped by the border patrol in an area of the Tijuana River channel known as El Bordo. According to Ruíz, he was waiting on the Tijuana side for Evelyn, who had crossed the border to shop at a K Mart. The border patrol told her and her companions to run back to Mexico. Because Evelyn couldn't run as fast as the others a patrolman grabbed her

Making All the Difference

Inclusion, Exclusion, and American Law

MARTHA MINOW



"Martha Minow shows clearly and convincingly how differences—whether of race, sex, ability, religion or ethnicity—are transformed when they are not viewed solely from the perspective of the dominant group. A sensitive and carefully nuanced argument about how the law should take account of difference."—Susan Moller Okin, Brandeis University

Minow confronts a variety of dilemmas of difference resulting from contradictory legal strategies—strategies that attempt to correct inequalities by sometimes recognizing and sometimes ignoring differences—and she argues, in effect, for a reconstructed jurisprudence based on the ability to recognize and work with perceptible forms of difference. $29.95

At bookstores, or directly from the publisher

124 Roberts Place / Ithaca, NY 14850

CORNELL UNIVERSITY PRESS

SAN FRANCISCO MIME TROUPE PRESENTS

SEEING DOUBLE

רואים כפול نظرة مزدوجة

A MIDDLE-EASTERN COMEDY OF ERROR

1990 OBIE WINNER - ON TOUR:

October 29	Yellow Springs, OH	513/767-6427
November 2 & 3	Cleveland, OH	216/631-2727
6	Amherst, MA	413/545-0480
9 & 10	Boston, MA	617/524-3541
14	Canton, NY	315/379-5214
16	Peekskill, NY	914/739-2333
24	Philadelphia, PA	215/928-1880
27, 28, & 29	Detroit, MI	313/833-9700
December 1	Rochester, NY	716/586-2483

Tour Information, Please Call 415/285-1717

More than just a pretty face...

France Today

France Today brings you an insider's view of contemporary France: political and business analyses, people, places, events and cultural insights. It's current, controversial, out-of-the-ordinary reading for the American who knows there's more to France than Chanel and champagne. *All in English.*

1051 Divisadero, Suite 109
San Francisco, CA 94115

1 yr. (10 issues)/$25

To subscribe, call toll free

1-800-272-0620

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by the hair, threw her down and put his foot on her throat. Ruíz ran up, shouting, "She's pregnant, don't hit her." The agent put his foot on her stomach; Ruíz picked up a rock and the agent shot him twice in the stomach. He then arrested him for assaulting a federal officer. Although Ruíz was later acquitted, the officer was never charged with any crime.

§ In August 1989, 14-year-old Luis Eduardo Hernández was run over and killed by a border patrol vehicle as he attempted to duck back into Mexico through the fence. A week later, a border patrol supervisor parked his vehicle in El Bordo, facing south, and for more than an hour shouted slurs like "Your mothers are all whores" and "All Mexicans are whores" over his van's public-address system. Several Mexican and U.S. journalists who were in the area on another story witnessed this. That same afternoon, a Mexican teenager was shot and wounded in El Bordo by a border patrolman, who claimed the boy was going to throw a rock at him.

§ Last December 7, two San Diego police officers shot 17-year-old Martín Flores Campos, paralyzing him from the waist down. The policemen claimed that Flores had threatened them with a knife, but two border patrolmen who witnessed the incident said Flores was actually shot in the back as he was running away from the officers. Flores was carrying a screwdriver when he was shot, but a Juvenile Court judge dismissed charges that he had brandished a deadly weapon.

Ironically, one of the law-enforcement agencies most guilty of abuse was founded with the idea of protecting people from bandits in the no man's land between Mexico and the United States. The Border Crime Prevention Unit was made up of six border patrol agents and six San Diego police officers. In the five years it was in operation, the B.C.P.U. was responsible for twenty killings and another twenty-nine woundings; at least ten of those victims were shot in the back. The B.C.P.U. was suspended in January 1989 after numerous lawsuits and protests created the perception that it was causing as much violence as it was preventing.

Despite the evidence collected by the ILEMP, no federal agent has ever been charged with criminal negligence in these incidents. In one case, the agent involved was even promoted. On February 26, 1988, 17-year-old Ismael Ramírez died of a brain hemorrhage after Border Patrol Agent Michael Lewis lifted him up and threw him down on the street in Madera, California. Attorneys for Ramírez's family say this was at least the fifth incident of serious misconduct in Lewis's career; the others included a death by vehicle run-down and the beatings of legal immigrants. Despite these cases, Lewis was promoted to Senior Border Patrol Agent in January 1989 and sent to Florida. In February of this year, the Justice Department's Civil Rights Division concluded that Ramírez's death "did not constitute a prosecutable violation" and ruled the case closed.

Given the lack of accountability, ILEMP director Jimenez believes that the number of human rights abuses by immigration agents is actually far greater than those reported. But officials of the I.N.S., which oversees the border patrol, refused to acknowledge to Jimenez that any abuses were taking place. At a meeting in Washington earlier this year, they told her that all of the violence occurring on the border was Mexican against Mexican, or Mexicans attacking border patrol agents. Even while denying to Jimenez that immigration agents verbally abuse Mexicans, one official repeatedly used the term "wets."

Jimenez agrees with the I.N.S. on one thing—border patrol officers are overwhelmed by the task they face. Having to carry the burden of international social and economic problems no doubt exacerbates the feelings of frustration and anger that can lead to abuse. The solution to illegal immigration is in addressing the factors that cause it in the first place; it is not in law enforcement, fences or ditches. As Roberto Martínez says, "The border is not a war zone and immigrants are not the enemy." □

Ex-President

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

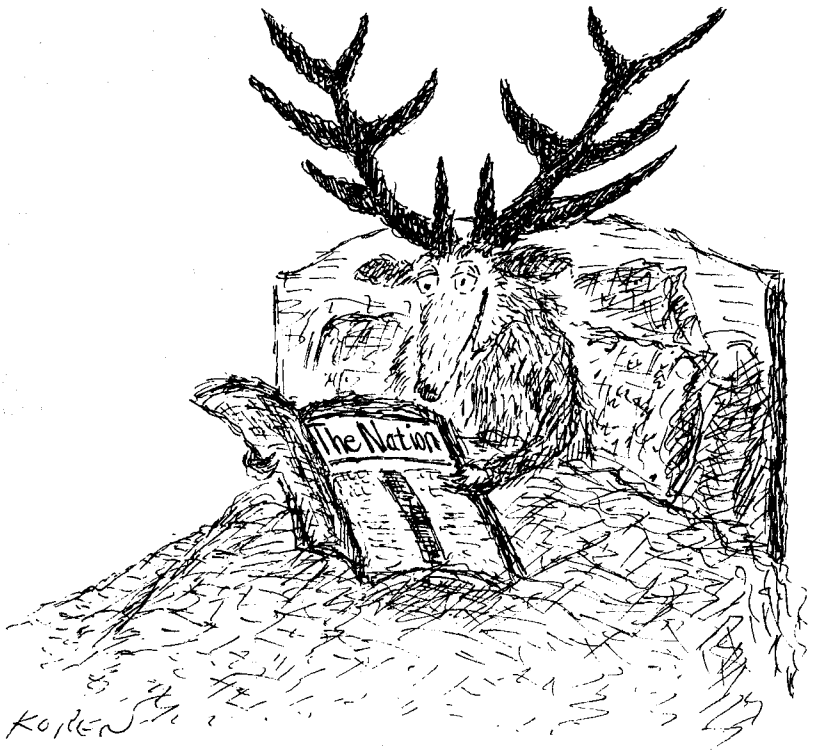
monuments to their political careers, playing golf and partying with the rich and famous.

Carter too has built a library to house his official papers, but he has also signed the most liberal of deeds on them, which will open up far more historical material, and sooner than any of the other presidential libraries. He also went a step further and created an institution dedicated to carrying on his self-defined altruistic political agenda. In his mind, he is literally doing the Lord's work, and doing it on a presidential scale. Over the past decade he's raised more than $150 million to finance his Presidential Library and Carter Center in Atlanta. With an annual budget of more than $17.5 million and a staff of 110, the Carter Center manages a broad array of projects, all of which attempt to combine academic or technical expertise with Carter's appetite for solving problems. "He's a pure Calvinist," says Andy Young, who served Carter as U.N. ambassador, "the kind of man who's got to wake up every morning with a full schedule. . . . He makes me feel guilty for serving on corporate boards because he's shunned all that."

The center has programs on human rights, education, preventive health care and conflict resolution in the Middle East, Latin America and Africa. With titles like the Task Force for Child Survival, Global 2000, the International Negotiation Network and the Council of Freely Elected Heads of Government, Carter's programs form a kind of post-presidential executive branch that allows him to act like a President without any of the constraints of electoral politics.

Characteristically, the President who was so obsessed with detail that he personally scheduled the use of the White House tennis courts is intimately involved in every aspect of these projects. The Carters maintain a small apartment in the center and come in from their Plains, Georgia, home five days a month. He has a secure phone in Plains with a direct line to the State Department and White House so that he can talk freely about classified matters. And these days, unlike in the Reagan years, he is in regular contact

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SPECIAL LOW HOLIDAY GIFT RATES!

$27
for the first 1 year gift (47 issues)

We'll get your gift subscriptions off to a festive start with a special gift announcement.

YOUR NAME _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

❑ Send gift cards to recipients

Signed _____

❑ Send gift cards to me in time for holiday giving.

For each gift outside the U.S. add $14 postage.
Payment in U.S. funds only.

For additional gifts attach list.

❑ Enclosed is $ _____ for _____ subscription(s).

Charge my ❑ MASTERCARD ❑ VISA

Account # _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

❑ Bill me later.

SEND TO:

The Nation.

PO BOX 10793, DES MOINES, IA 50340-0793.

$22
for each additional gift
(50% off the regular subscription price).

PLEASE SEND GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS TO:

NAME _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

GIFT TO:

NAME _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

GIFT TO:

NAME _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

GIFT TO:

NAME _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

XG0L21

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with both the Secretary of State and the President.

When he's not in Georgia, Carter is often abroad, flying around in planes provided to him by a variety of donors, including the Pakistani-controlled Bank of Credit and Commerce International. In September he flew to Haiti for the second time this year to mediate that country's upcoming election. Last spring he made his third trip to the Middle East since leaving the White House, this time to see Syria's President Hafez Assad. Later, he angered the Israelis by emerging from a meeting with Yasir Arafat to praise the P.L.O. leader for having "done everything possible these last months to promote the peace process." A year earlier he flew to Africa twice in an attempt to mediate the twenty-nine-year-old Eritrean-Ethiopian civil war. Then there was his highly publicized mediation of the Nicaraguan elections, when he persuaded Daniel Ortega to accept the results. Before that, he was in Panama, where, upon catching Manuel Noriega's vote counters in the act of stuffing ballot boxes, he surprised everyone by jumping on the platform in the election hall and yelling in Spanish, "Are you honest people, or are you thieves?"

Those were just the high-profile events; behind the scenes, Carter has two full-time staff members who monitor human rights cases around the world. He is given briefings once or twice a month by his human rights director, Susan Casey, who in turn keeps in close touch with Amnesty International, the Lawyers Committee for Human Rights, Americas Watch, Africa Watch and Helsinki Watch. For those organizations, Carter is an invaluable weapon, to be hauled out for individual cases when all other appeals have gone unanswered. Each year, he or his wife, Rosalynn, personally intervenes—by calling or writing a head of state—on behalf of thirty or forty individuals. Some lives have been saved and hundreds of people have been quietly released from prison solely because some leader wished to avoid the embarrassment of a public denunciation by Carter. Last spring he privately appealed to Iranian authorities on behalf of thirty signers of an open letter to the regime.

He does not shun controversy. Each year he and Dominique de Menil, a Texas philanthropist, award a $100,000 check to a human rights activist or organization. Last year, the Carter-Menil Human Rights Award was shared by Al-Haq, a Palestinian human rights group based in Ramallah, and B'Tselem, an Israeli group that monitors human rights abuses in the occupied territories. The award was controversial enough, but Carter added fat to the fire by bluntly criticizing Israel's sale of cluster bombs to Ethiopia. (This year the award is going to the Runujel Junam Council of Ethnic Communities, a Guatemalan human rights organization that is trying to defend that country's indigenous population, and the Civil Rights Movement of Sri Lanka. Last month two members of the Guatemalan group were kidnapped, and Carter protested to Guatemalan President Vinicio Cerezo.)

Carter is willing to risk his personal prestige on the most intractable problems. A good example is Haiti, where he recently spent a weekend attempting to negotiate the ground rules for that deeply corrupted country's first ever fair election, now scheduled for mid-December. Carter returned confident not only that an election could take place but that it could be a fair contest if the United Nations agreed to send election observers in large numbers. Subsequently, the U.N. voted what Carter says are ample funds for election observers. "I've always been more optimistic than most people on Haiti," he says.

Taken together, these eclectic programs amount to a surprisingly liberal political agenda for a man whose presidency slid into Republican-style pro-business fiscal conservatism and pumped-up defense spending. It is as if Carter decided to take the most liberal and successful policies of his failed Administration—human rights, peacemaking and concern for the poor—and make them the centerpiece of a campaign for his own political resurrection. But Carter has absolutely no political ambitions. His most ambitious goal, probably related to Camp David, the greatest foreign policy success of his Administration, is literally to serve as world peacemaker. "Carter has that rare ability to deal with people who can't deal with each other," says Robert Pastor, who has worked with Carter ever since he joined his National Security Council staff as a Latin America expert.

"We don't go into areas where others can or are doing the work," Carter explained in a telephone interview. "We fill vacuums. As of August there are thirty major conflicts going on in the world. . . . Every one of them is a civil war and no one is authorized to deal with them." While the United Nations provides a forum for such nation-state conflicts as the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait, he points out, there has been no venue for resolving such internal conflagrations as the Ethiopian civil war, the Lebanese civil war or the Palestinian-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Israeli conflict. To fill that gap, Carter set up his International Negotiation Network in Atlanta.

Dayle Powell, director of Carter's Conflict Resolution Program, calls the I.N.N. the "Impossible Negotiation Network." She's currently monitoring some sixteen civil wars, revolutions or other internal conflicts around the world, looking for those moments when the adversaries are ready to talk. "We can provide them an isolated, unofficial setting in which to resolve their conflict," says Powell, who is well aware that it is the prestige of an ex-President that makes most of her work possible. When Carter picks up the phone to call a rebel leader like the Sudanese John Garang or a head of state like Ethiopia's Mengistu Haile Mariam, no one declines to talk.

And in a peculiar fashion, some of the very qualities that many Americans disliked about their President in the late 1970s explain why Carter is so effective at what he does today. What *The New York Times*'s James Reston once called his "morbidly conscientious" style serves him well in the role of international mediator. "Carter is able to look at people like Daniel Ortega or Mengistu and appeal to some higher vision of themselves," says Powell. "He could sit down with Ortega and say, 'I know how you feel; I went through the same thing.'" When Carter went to Ethiopia, he astonished Western diplomats in Addis Ababa by how quickly he was able to establish a rapport with the country's iconoclastic dictator. When I asked if he was comfortable sitting down with a man with so much blood on his hands, Carter answered, "That's prejudging it. You could say that both Mengistu and the Eritreans have blood on their hands. They've both been at war. It's the same in the Middle East. We could assume that Israel is all wrong and that the Palestinians are all right. Or vice versa. That's not our role; our role is to find common ground without prejudging who is right or wrong."

By conveying a scrupulous neutrality, Carter manages to convince the hardest of leaders that he can play the honest broker. During the Ethiopian talks, Mengistu extended an unprecedented invitation to Carter to join him in his home for a private dinner. Later, Carter managed to convince Mengistu's representatives to sit down in Atlanta with Eritrean leaders to discuss a settlement. The scene was Camp David revisited, with Carter cajoling each side to continue the talks. At one point, he sat down at a computer and, with Ethiopians and Eritreans looking over his shoulder, tried to hammer out cease-fire language acceptable to both parties. In the end he failed, if only because the military balance changed so dramatically with the Eritrean capture of the port of Massawa that the guerrillas no longer felt compelled to stay at the negotiating table. Carter is confident that at some point the talks will resume, and he's ready to play host at any time.

He's also eager to play peacemaker in the Middle East, perhaps even in some quasi-official role as a special envoy empowered to broker a settlement between the Israelis and the Palestinians. Some observers already credit him for facilitating the Bush Administration's new relationship with Syria. After spending seven hours last spring in private

To celebrate the publication of

The Nation, 1865-1990

edited by Katrina vanden Heuvel
published by Thunder's Mouth Press

Columbia University's
Center for American Culture Studies

is pleased to host

a panel discussion on

THE POLITICS OF CULTURE

with Arthur C. Danto, Katha Pollitt and Edward W. Said, moderated by Katrina vanden Heuvel.

Wednesday, November 14 at 6:30 pm

Lewisohn Hall
Columbia University
Broadway and 116 Street
New York City

For more information, call the Center for American Culture Studies, (212) 854-8253.

St. Louis Area Readers

please join

Victor Navasky
editor of *The Nation*

at a book signing party

celebrating the publication of

THE NATION, 1865-1990
Selections from the Independent Magazine of Politics and Culture

Saturday, November 10
3 to 4:30

Left Bank Books
399 North Euclid
St. Louis, Missouri

For more information call: (314) 367-6731

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

meetings with Hafez Assad, he announced that the Syrian leader was willing to acknowledge Israel's right to exist and to open direct peace negotiations with Jerusalem under certain conditions. That news was greeted with skepticism, but today, with Syria cooperating with the multinational deployment of forces in the Persian Gulf crisis, the idea of it dropping out of the "rejectionist front" is not so farfetched. As for Iraq, Carter, writing in a recent issue of *Time*, stressed the importance of negotiations and, in an indirect slap at the Administration, backed Arab efforts to resolve the crisis under the leadership of Jordan's King Hussein.

"Next month," Carter says, "our emphasis will be on Lebanon. . . . We've been working for a month with Lebanese leaders." He is reluctant to talk too much about it, but in recent weeks he's met with the Lebanese Prime Minister and Syria's Foreign Minister in a "pre-mediation" effort to explore the possibility of resolving Lebanon's bloody civil war.

Today he is acting on his better instincts. He has returned to the populist warpath.

Aside from redefining the meaning and purpose of the post-presidency, what does Carter's exemplary retirement say about his four years in office, and what political legacy does he bequeath to the Democratic Party? It's important to remember that Carter the President was, as the late Walter Karp put it, a "partyless President." He had run against the Democratic Party bosses, who in turn made his presidency a political nightmare. After he left office, the Democratic establishment kept its distance from him, the only Democrat elected to the White House in the past quarter-century. Carter has no constituency in the Democratic Party; he was never a liberal as defined by the party's traditional liberal constituency groups. "Liberal," Carter quips, "is not a good word in Georgia."

On one level Carter is simply the traditional Southern blend of fiscal conservative and social-issues liberal. After the 1988 election he said if the Democrats were ever to recapture the White House they would have to choose as their standard-bearer someone like Sam Nunn or Bill Bradley. He still remembers with telltale bitterness how Ted Kennedy refused to shake his hand at the 1980 Democratic convention and observes, "That split in the Democratic Party has never been healed."

His prescriptions for healing the rift, however, will not sit well with most liberals. "There needs to be a combination of philosophy," Carter said last year. "Conservative on the budget deficit, on finance, on trade, strong on defense, strong on local government, on the one hand, and quite a progressive attitude on human rights, civil rights, environmental quality, peace—that kind of relationship which I tried to espouse when I was President would be appealing now."

Well, perhaps to some people. But such words as "strong on defense" imply budget priorities that don't leave much room for a populist agenda. Donald Schewe, the director of the Carter Library, says, "The Jimmy Carter who can go out for a week every year and build houses for the poor is the same Jimmy Carter who as President could oppose greater federal funding for housing." That contradiction goes to the heart of Carter's legacy. The candidate Carter describes as electable—a conservative/populist Democrat from the "New South"—may also be the kind of President who is unable to lead the Democratic coalition, and so is ultimately unable to govern for all the same reasons that Carter wasn't able to govern. What I am suggesting here is that the reasons usually offered to explain the shortcomings of Carter's presidency—his grating moralistic demeanor, his compulsive attention to detail; in short, his personality—are all wrong. So, too, is the argument that Carter was unable to govern because he was too much the outsider, too unfamiliar with Washington and the workings of Congress. Another politician who ran against Washington was also unfamiliar with these things, and yet Ronald Reagan governed—while all the time running against Washington—and managed to lead the country, albeit right over an economic precipice.

Rather, it makes more sense to suggest that Carter's demise came when he stopped running against Washington, when early in his term he turned to a reporter and confessed, "I feel more and more like an insider. I feel part of the Washington government now, not in an embarrassed way, but in a natural way." It came when Carter stopped fighting the Washington establishment on tax reform, energy policy and a host of other issues on the populist agenda that he had endorsed as a candidate. And in foreign affairs, it most definitely came when Carter began to rely on the flawed and bitterly jingoistic advice of Zbigniew Brzezinski. As that grand old curmudgeon of the Establishment, Averell Harriman, observed to Edmund Muskie in the spring of 1980, "The Administration had come off the track, particularly because of Zbig's advice. . . . Brzezinski was with the President all day and was giving him a lot of distorted judgments." By then, under the pressure of the Iran hostage crisis and other events, Carter had bought wholesale into Brzezinski's world view. That was a tragedy not only for the country but for Carter personally, because the strident nationalism and militarism of Brzezinski's confrontational policies were out of character with Carter's basic religious and political beliefs.

If his presidency came undone when he ceased his populist crusade against the Establishment, today he is acting on his better instincts. He has returned to the populist warpath, telling people what he perceives to be the hard truths on the large issues and bypassing traditional channels to accomplish what he can to better the lot of humanity. "The world doesn't care enough," he complains.

Someone jokingly observed that Carter used his presidency as a stepping stone to higher things. That quip contains a lot of truth. Carter campaigned for some decent goals in 1976 and is now pursuing those goals more determinedly in retirement than he did in office. As ex-President he has a message of conscience for the party that shuns him as a loser and has become one itself. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Backyard Brigades

DANA FRANK

BUILDING BRIDGES: The Emerging Grassroots Coalition of Labor and Community. *Edited by Jeremy Brecher and Tim Costello. Monthly Review Press. 352 pp. $30. Paper $12.*

Two days after the Nicaraguan election in February, I had lunch with my friend Frank Bardacke, who's spent the past twenty years as a rank-and-file union and community activist in Watsonville, California. Most recently Frank has hatched the rather outrageous plan of seizing the town's recreational airport and turning it into low-income housing for earthquake evictees. We had a wild and fierce discussion of the fate of socialism in Nicaragua, East Germany, Czechoslovakia, the Soviet Union, Hungary and finally Cuba. At the end, though, Frank commented: "You know, one thing that's easier about being who I am is that whatever's happening out there, I'm still going to be doing the same thing today that I was doing yesterday."

He's right; whatever the theoretical lessons of the past year, a basic starting point for fundamental social change in this country still exists: labor-community struggles. As Dorothy concluded when she got back from Oz, when we go looking for our heart's desire we don't have to look any farther than our own backyard. Here's where we can keep our feet on the ground while sorting out what is to be done.

In *Building Bridges* Jeremy Brecher and Tim Costello have compiled a splendid collection of essays on the immensely creative labor-community alliances that flourished in the 1980s. They've hit up an array of contributors who include some of the best usual suspects engaged in progressive politics. Brecher himself, moreover, is one of the strongest antistatist voices on the U.S. left. With the downfall of Stalinist socialism, this is certainly a good time to stop and listen carefully to what he and Costello have to say about how to build a movement here.

The first half of the book contains a series of sixteen case studies. Some depict struggles through which democratic insurgents are challenging the recumbent trade union internationals from within. Peter Rachleff, for example, describes the nationwide grass-roots campaign through which meatpacking workers in Austin, Minnesota, took on not just Hormel but the international leadership of the United Food and Commercial Workers.

Other tales reveal resources and energy still alive within the traditional labor movement when the internationals do decide to mobilize a mass base. Take the case of Florida's Jobs With Justice campaign. Organizers asked workers to sign a pledge that they would turn out for five events in solidarity with other workers. The result? Three thousand showed up to protest an anti-union contractors' trade show; a second call forced Dade County to back off in a campaign against its mostly black transit workers' union.

> *Building Bridges* is painstakingly realistic about the nuts, bolts and difficulties of building alliances between labor and community organizations.

Another series of stories describes successful electoral alliances unions and progressive groups have been constructing, all at the local and state level. A shining example here is New Mexico PRO-PAC, which has built a network of labor and community activists who identify progressive candidates, throw electoral support behind key campaigns and then battle to keep those officials accountable.

Collectively, these examples should certainly dispatch those cynics who ask "What labor movement?" and who write off any hopes of insurgent labor activism. There's a thriving activist world out there, and this book is one of the best ways to learn about it quickly. *Building Bridges* is also one of the best practical how-to organizing manuals around. All the case studies are painstakingly realistic about the nuts, bolts and difficulties of building alliances between labor and community organizations. Barbara Richards, for example, counsels on how to avoid single-issue campaigns, warns that too many endorsements cause paralyzing debates and weighs the pros and cons of leadership coalitions versus membership organizations.

Then, in the book's second half, we get fourteen overview essays taking on the larger theoretical questions of building community-labor alliances. It is here that the shaping hands of the editors become clearest, especially since four of the key essays are by Brecher or by Brecher and Costello. In the late 1970s and 1980s, they argue, a consolidated "corporate-right alliance" mounted a powerful assault on working people and their communities. In the process, though, the forces of evil committed that stupidest of errors: uniting the enemy. In response, new labor and community alliances sprang up like mushrooms, connecting the social movements of the 1960s and 1970s with the best of rank-and-file worker insurgency. Now, in the 1990s, these alliances are poised to expand in a great "coalescence."

Brecher and Costello's model is of a thoroughgoing transformation of society "from below." They are most attracted to community-defined economic and electoral struggles that seek to restructure economic institutions on a very local level. Thus Brecher analyzes in detail the Seymour Specialty Wire worker buyout and then celebrates the Naugatuck Valley Project's coalition for economic revitalization under local control. The editors, in other words, take economic democracy seriously; that's what makes their politics so appealing.

Their formula, though, just doesn't seem quite enough. Missing, somehow, from their essays is a theory about the next stage. What happens after all these coalitions coalesce? How do we address the transnational corporations' entrenched control of the state and meet the overarching challenge of destroying their stranglehold on our society? As Max Bartlett puts it in his piece, "power is the central issue." The answer may not be to seize the state with a vanguard party, but neither will corporate capitalism wither away because we remodel our backyards. Jill Nelson, describing Jobs with Peace, hits the nail on the head: The trick is how

Dana Frank is writing a book on consumer tactics in the Seattle labor movement, 1919-29.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to connect the local, day-to-day survival concerns of working people with a national program for social change.

Then there's the question of what a labor-community alliance is, anyway. First, which "labor" are we talking about? The first half of the book is full of activists trying to work out how to revitalize and challenge the A.F.L.-C.I.O. machine. The second half, though, drops that huge question, either ignoring it as a problem or, in the case of Staughton Lynd, advocating an end run around trade unions. Any long-term model for community-labor-based social change, though, has to deal with the problem head-on: Do we really want the A.F.L.-C.I.O. to disappear altogether? Do we want another federation, no formal trade unions, or what?

Defining "community" is still more slippery. In most of the book, "community" seems to mean either any source of traditional solidarity outside the constituents of a particular embattled union or, alternately, organizations concerned with the environment, peace, antiracism, housing or feminism.

The conceptualization of each then becomes crucial to the different forms of alliance the contributors espouse. Two patterns emerge among the essays: In one set, "labor" inhabits white, male sectors of the organized labor force, draws on its best traditions of militance, sometimes organizes for internal democracy within the trade union movement and reaches out for alliances with the "community." Pittston, Hormel and the Naugatuck Valley all fit this model. In part because the editors' location in Connecticut makes them particularly concerned with the fate of declining industrial communities in the Northeast, the book's theoretical focus tips disproportionately toward such situations.

A second definition of "community-labor alliances," though, seems less fragmented. In these struggles, "labor" is female, Chicano, Asian or black, or all four; the "community" is additional organizations formed by the very same constituencies. The strategic question then becomes not allying with the "other" but building outward from a campaign conceptualized in a way that integrates concerns of race and gender, as well as class, from its very inception. One of the best such examples here is the Hotel and Restaurant Employees' organizing drive among Asian women in San Francisco, which took on issues of immigration and women's special concerns as workers that were inseparable from those of "labor." Similarly, the effort of militant unionists to prevent a shutdown at the General Motors Van Nuys plant built from within the Chicano and black communities to save jobs for precisely those constituencies.

Ultimately, I found myself disturbed by a clearly conscious, and vast, omission in this book: the left. With one or two exceptions, there are no self-conscious radicals in any of these stories or programs. While I am not interested in naming names, the struggles in this book that I am familiar with are full of ex- and current Trotskyists, Maoists, Communists, anarchists and democratic socialists, and without us most of these wonderful success stories of movement building would not exist. If we are to understand how organizing works—or doesn't—we have to be able to talk openly about our roles in the process of social change.

In the end, this book is both massively inspiring—with all its joyous tales of mobilization, vision and changed consciousness—and depressing. It underscores the pathetic situation of the U.S. left today. So many of these struggles show how very timid we are about even naming alternatives or talking about ourselves. If we can't even acknowledge our existence, experience and visions to ourselves and in the process of our own struggles, then we are so, so far away from challenging the truly open and self-celebratory power of organized capital. □

Experiences in Democracy

MAURICE ISSERMAN

EDUCATION FOR STRUGGLE: The American Labor Colleges of the 1920s and 1930s. *By Richard J. Altenbaugh. Temple University Press. 339 pp. $39.95.*

THE LONG HAUL: An Autobiography. *By Myles Horton, with Judith Kohl and Herbert Kohl. Doubleday. 231 pp. $21.95.*

The American left has not rolled up a particularly distinguished record of institution building in recent decades. Where today are the equivalents of the agrarian cooperatives, fraternal orders and literary, theatrical, musical and artistic groups that did so much to create a culture of sustained political involvement for the members of earlier radical movements? With the exception of some feminists and gay activists, today's radicals find only limited, intermittent and fragmentary means of expressing their political views and values.

Two recent books on radical institution building provide some perspective on the problem. The first, Richard Altenbaugh's history of labor colleges in the 1920s and 1930s, is a case study in failed enterprises; the second, Myles Horton's memoir of his years with the Highlander Folk School from the 1930s through the 1980s, is more of a success story.

In *Education for Struggle*, Altenbaugh, a historian at Northern Illinois University, explores one aspect of the broad movement for "workers' education" in the United States in the early decades of this century. His focus is on the history of three labor colleges: Work People's College in Duluth, Minnesota; Brookwood Labor College in Katonah, New York; and Commonwealth College near Mena, Arkansas. Through such schools, Altenbaugh argues, radical trade unionists and intellectuals attempted to create a "counter-hegemony" to challenge the conservative precepts and socialization of the rest of the educational system. For Altenbaugh, the story of the labor colleges is worth examining for both scholarly and political reasons: to illuminate "the history of the noncommunist left during the early decades of this century" and to serve as a source of inspiration for contemporary activists interested in the "revitalization and reformulation" of a stagnating labor movement.

Of the three schools studied in *Education for Struggle*, the least important in terms of national visibility and influence (though the longest-lived) was the Work People's College in Duluth. The college grew out of the deeply rooted radicalism of the Finnish immigrant community of the upper Midwest. Founded shortly after the turn of the century, it reached its peak influence in the years just before World War I. A child born into this culture could begin his or her education in radicalism by memorizing a "Socialist Child's Ten Commandments" in a socialist Sunday or summer school, and wind it up by reading *Capital* in an eco-

Maurice Isserman teaches at Hamilton College. His most recent book, co-written with Dorothy Healey, is Dorothy Healey Remembers: A Life in the American Communist Party *(Oxford).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nomics class at Work People's College. But splits within the Finnish radical movement undermined the college's standing in the immigrant community. In the 1920s it was taken over by the remnants of the Industrial Workers of the World, who kept it alive for another two decades.

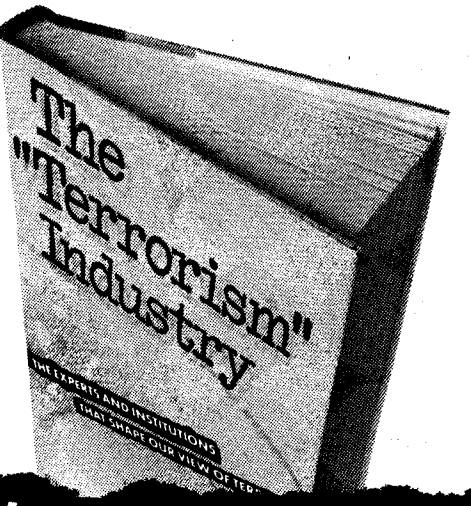
Brookwood, located on an estate donated by wealthy supporters in New York's Westchester County, was founded in 1921, with A.J. Muste, a radical Protestant minister who had recently led a successful strike of textile workers in Lawrence, Massachusetts, as its first executive director. Muste recruited a small but distinguished faculty for the college that included historian David Saposs (an associate, at the University of Wisconsin, of the nation's premier labor historian, John Commons) and sociologist Arthur Calhoun (author of a pathbreaking social history of the family). Commonwealth College was founded two years later by socialist leader Kate Richards O'Hare and sociologist William Zeuch (another Commons associate) on the grounds of a utopian community in Louisiana. It soon moved to more permanent quarters in Arkansas.

The labor colleges shared a number of common characteristics: an explicit commitment to social change (reflected in a curriculum weighted heavily toward labor history and radical economic theory), a predominantly working-class student body (most of whom came on scholarships from their unions and helped pay for their keep through manual labor on campus) and an informal and often exciting classroom atmosphere reflecting the influence of progressive educator John Dewey. Debates, agitprop dramas and fieldwork as organizers were all, formally or informally, a part of the curriculum of the colleges. Students recruited out of sweatshops and mills who were unprepared for college were offered remedial instruction in reading and writing.

The schools also tried to reach a larger off-campus constituency, experimenting with outreach programs, extension classes, pamphlets, touring theater groups and radio shows. Commonwealth College established a museum documenting the decline of capitalism, featuring such exhibits as workers' homemade shoes, tear-gas bombs hurled by police at strikers and "bloody lynch ropes." A particular strength of the colleges lay in their willingness to break new ground for the labor movement on difficult issues such as race relations. Brookwood, which had an interracial student body, invited such

"A searing indictment...well documented, thoroughly researched, scholarly... Makes for chilling reading."
–Bishop Desmond Tutu

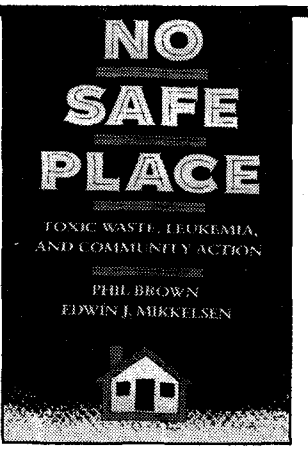
What is a terrorist — and who decides? Here is a startling expose of an international network of government and private sector "experts" who manufacture a distorted image of "terrorists" in order to legitimize Western acts of terror — and mobilize continued support for military expenditures.



The "Terrorism" Industry
THE EXPERTS AND INSTITUTIONS THAT SHAPE OUR VIEW OF TERROR
By EDWARD HERMAN and GERRY O'SULLIVAN

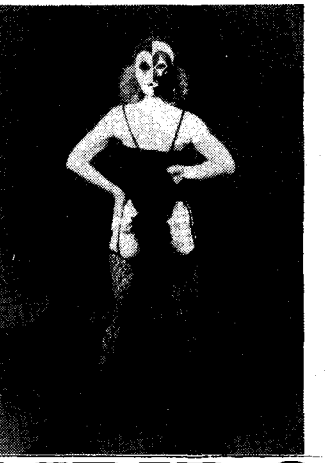
Paperbound, $14.95, now at your bookstore.
(Also available in hardcover)

PANTHEON BOOKS



"Excellent and readable....
an inspiring lesson for citizens across the country struggling to protect the environment from polluters and unresponsive government officials."
--Senator Edward Kennedy
"A gripping account of what can happen to people who come to learn--all too sharply--what the costs of our increasingly toxic world can be."--Kai Erickson

$24.95 at bookstores or order 1-800-822-6657.
Visa/MasterCard only.
University of California Press



LIBIDO
Erotica For People Who Like To Read
Sample issue $6
- Quarterly -
In the U.S. $20
Elsewhere $30
(For surface mail. For Airmail add $20 to Europe and $30 to Asia, Australia and South America.)
P.O. Box 146721, Chicago, IL 60614

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

speakers as A. Philip Randolph and W.E.B. Du Bois to campus, openly challenging the segregationist policies then prevailing in the American Federation of Labor. Commonwealth, already under attack from the Ku Klux Klan and the Arkansas state legislature for its pro-labor stance, followed a more cautious racial policy, but did lend its hand in organizing the interracial Southern Tenant Farmers Union.

Altenbaugh adds an interesting new dimension to existing studies of the progressive education movement (in Lawrence Cremin's classic 1961 study of the movement, *Transformation of the School*, Brookwood is mentioned only once, in a one-sentence aside, and is mislabeled as the Brookwood Workers College). He also helps to fill in gaps in our knowledge of the "lost decade" of American radicalism of the 1920s (which tends to be slighted by historians of American socialism because it follows the high point of Debsian socialism, and by historians of American Communism because it precedes the high point of Popular Front Communism).

But the book has some serious flaws that obscure its virtues. In the end, Altenbaugh fails to show that the labor colleges were really all that significant. True, some of their alumni went on to play important roles in the rise of the Congress of Industrial Organizations (C.I.O.) in the later 1930s: One Brookwood graduate, Len De Caux, became editor of the C.I.O.'s Union News Service, while another, Roy Reuther (brother of Walter), was an influential figure in the United Auto Workers. But De Caux and Reuther were committed labor radicals before they ever went to Brookwood; since they wound up on opposite factional sides in the C.I.O., it doesn't seem that Brookwood put a very distinctive stamp on them. Unable to establish the colleges' importance in terms of real lives and events, Altenbaugh too often falls back on a grandiloquent theoretical discourse about "war of position," "organic intellectuals" and the like. He invokes the authority of Italian Communist theorist Antonio Gramsci for even the most banal observations—for example, "As Gramsci reminds us, bourgeois society expects ideological conformity and views nonconformists with suspicion." Well yes, but if you think about it, so do most prebourgeois and postbourgeois societies. If that is what Gramsci said—no reference is provided—it was not one of his most useful insights. (In any case, poor Gramsci's name gets used and abused in this fashion far too often as the means to establish an author's political and theoretical bona fides; as Stuart Hall remarked at a gathering of radical historians in the late 1970s, "When I hear the word 'hegemony,' I reach for my revolver.")

The labor colleges eventually ran afoul of conservative opposition and were torn by internal bickering. Commonwealth and Brookwood were red-baited by groups ranging from the American Legion to the American Federation of Labor (A.F.L.). Leaders of the A.F.L. made a determined effort in 1928 to dry up union sources of financial support for Brookwood, denouncing it as Communist-inspired despite the fact that it was being denounced by Communists at the same time as a swamp of class collaborationism. Brookwood retained the support of some of the more radical unions for a few years, but it collapsed in 1937, partly as a result of Muste's ideological meandering. Commonwealth, the scene of internecine warfare between Communists and Socialists in the later 1930s, succumbed in December 1940, and was followed shortly by Work People's College.

She didn't say, 'Love God,' she said, 'Love your neighbor, that's all it's all about.'

While Altenbaugh's labor colleges were falling apart, the Highlander Folk School in Monteagle, Tennessee, was digging in for the "long haul"; a center of Southern industrial union activism in the 1930s, Highlander would go on to a still greater role as an incubator of the civil rights movement of the 1950s and 1960s.

Highlander's founder and guiding light, Myles Horton, died of cancer last January, a few months short of what would have been his 85th birthday. For the last few years of his life he talked at length in tape-recorded sessions with educational writers Judith and Herbert Kohl, who shaped the transcripts into *The Long Haul*. The resulting memoir preserves the flavor of Horton's speech and personality, though the reader has to be willing to put up with frequent repetition, digressions and Horton's sometimes elliptical way of making his points. As a result, it is not a book that will engage those who are not already persuaded of the importance of Horton's lifework. For the uninitiated, it might best be read in conjunction with one of the existing histories of Highlander: Frank Adams and Myles Horton's *Unearthing Seeds of Fire: The Idea of Highlander* (1975) or John Glen's *Highlander: No Ordinary School, 1932–1962* (1988).

Horton was born in Tennessee in 1905. His father's fortunes rose and fell on a modest scale, from schoolteacher to sharecropper. Horton credited his father with instilling in him the love and talent for storytelling. He credits his mother with an even more important lesson. Coming across an old theology text while still a child, he asked her worriedly about the doctrine of predestination. His mother laughed:

> "Don't bother about that, that's not important, that's just preachers' talk. The only thing that's important is you've got to love your neighbor." She didn't say, "Love God," she said, "Love your neighbor, that's all it's all about."

Horton attended a local college in Tennessee, where he got involved with the Student Y.M.C.A., and through it with early attempts at racial integration. After college he studied at Union Theological Seminary in New York City, then a center of Protestant radical sentiment. He came under the influence of radical professors like Harry Ward and Reinhold Niebuhr, joined the Socialist Party and the pacifist Fellowship of Reconciliation, and read Marx and Lenin for the first time. Those Socialist Party preachers, including Norman Thomas, were an interesting group and deserve more study than they've received. More than two decades before the Montgomery bus boycott they were seeking a fusion of Gandhian-inspired nonviolence and Marxist class consciousness, personal ethics and revolutionary perspective. They found a willing and apt student in Myles Horton. Of the widespread "radical mood" of the early 1930s, Horton remembers, "It wasn't very Marxian but grew instead out of more idealistic principles; a tremendous number of people had religious motivations, for instance."

Horton went on to stints at the University of Chicago (where he met Jane Addams and discussed the theory of settlement work), and to Denmark, where he studied the Danish folk high school movement, with its emphasis on redis-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

covering the history and culture of the common people as part of a movement of national and educational revival. He returned to Tennessee in 1932 a convinced revolutionary, independent and nondoctrinal; he was determined to create a school that could serve as a base for an indigenous Southern movement for radical social change.

Along with classmates from Union Theological Seminary like Jim Dombrowski and Zilla Hawes (who also spent a year at Brookwood College), and with the backing and fundraising connections of Niebuhr, Horton set up the Highlander Folk School. By the end of the 1930s, the school had become a center for C.I.O. educational work in the South, training hundreds of labor activists in trade union theory, economics, history and Appalachian culture. In Horton's view, the style of instruction—an informal "experiential-based" system of workshops controlled by the students themselves—may have been the most important lesson taught at Highlander:

> Education is what happens to the other person, not what comes out of the mouth of the educator. . . . What people need are experiences in democracy, in making democratic decisions that affect their lives and communities.

Highlander's involvement with the C.I.O. came to an end in the late 1940s with the cold war–inspired expulsion of Communist-led unions. Horton was not a Communist, but neither did he shun their company. In any event, Highlander's ties with the labor movement seemed less vital as the C.I.O.'s postwar plans for expanding the base of industrial unionism throughout the South ground to a halt. When the original vision of labor colleges like Brookwood and Commonwealth foundered on harsh political realities, they simply fell apart. But that was not to be Highlander's fate. Horton explained to the Kohls, in what I think is the book's most crucial insight, the different dynamics that radicals have to learn to live with during times of "organization" and times of "social movement." Radicalism in an "organizational period"

> has limited objectives, doesn't spread very rapidly and has a lot of paid people and bureaucracy. It's completely different from what takes place when there is a social movement. During organization times you try to anticipate a social movement, and if it turns out that you've guessed right, then you'll be on the inside of a movement help-

FREE TAPE PLAYER with your order!

THE BERLITZ® GUARANTEE:

SPEAK A FOREIGN LANGUAGE IN 30 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK.

For years, Berlitz has been the number one choice of Fortune 500 companies for teaching languages to their key executives. Now there is an audio cassette program based on the teaching method used in over 250 Berlitz Schools around the world.

The Berlitz Think and Talk™ Program blends taped instruction with sound effects, music, and lively dialogue. In less time than you ever thought possible, you'll develop a command of real life conversational skills, and a vocabulary of more than 1,000 words. So whether you want to speak a foreign language for personal or business reasons, remember that if Berlitz Think and Talk doesn't work for you, it won't cost you a cent. Just return it for a full refund and keep the tape player as our gift. That's our guarantee.

BERLITZ

On Credit Card Orders Dial Toll Free:
1-800-228-2028 Ext. 151 and ask for Dept.4901

- 7 AUDIO CASSETTES
- 2 ILLUSTRATED MANUALS
- FREE PORTABLE TAPE PLAYER
- BILINGUAL POCKET DICTIONARY
- ALL PACKED IN AN ATTACHE CASE

Available in —
- French
- Spanish
- German
- Italian

Berlitz Publications, Inc., Dept. 2851
P.O. Box 506, 900 Chester Avenue, Delran, N.J. 08075

Send me the following Berlitz Think and Talk Programs, $155 each plus $7.50 shipping and insured delivery.

___ French (66185) ___ German (66186) ___ Spanish (66188) ___ Italian (66187)
___ With my order, send me my Free Portable Cassette Player (10001) which is mine to keep even if I return the course.

Enclosed check ___ money order___ payable to Berlitz
___ Or charge my: AMEX ___ Diners Club ___ VISA ___ MasterCard ___

Card # _____ Exp. Date _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
NY and NJ residents add sales tax. Company purchase orders accepted

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing with the mobilization and strategies, instead of on the outside jumping on the bandwagon and never being an important part of it. You try to figure out what's going to happen so that you can position yourself in such a way as to become part of it: you do things in advance to prepare the groundwork for a larger movement. That way, you're built into it when the momentum begins.

Horton "guessed right" about the emergence of the civil rights movement, and as a result Highlander was "built into" the movement from the start. When Rosa Parks was asked years later by Howell Raines about her decision to remain seated that fateful day aboard a Montgomery city bus, she recalled as part of her inspiration a retreat she had attended in the summer of 1955 at Highlander:

> That was the first time in my life I had lived in an atmosphere of complete equality with the members of the other race, and I did enjoy going up there, and I felt it could be done without the signs that said "White" and "Colored"—well, without any artificial barriers of racial segregation.

Martin Luther King Jr. was also closely associated with Highlander; the White Citizens' Councils got a lot of political mileage out of a photograph of King attending the twenty-fifth anniversary celebration of Highlander's founding, which they splattered on billboards across the South with the caption "Martin Luther King at Communist Training School." Highlander Folk School is perhaps the best-known link between the labor and radical movements of the 1930s and the civil rights and radical movements of the 1960s—a connection that historians like Michael Honey, Nelson Lichtenstein and Robert Korstad have been exploring in other contexts in recent years.

Highlander's high profile in the civil rights movement invited vigilante and official attack. The State of Tennessee trumped up charges of illegal liquor sales to close down the school in 1959. Highlander reopened in Knoxville, only to be driven out again, finding its present home in New Market, Tennessee, in 1972.

Why did Highlander survive while the labor colleges folded? Horton's influence seems to have had much to do with the school's success. He could be a contentious character, but he was never much tempted by the delusions of vanguardism. Once in the 1970s a "fine young man" who had been working with Highlander joined a Maoist sect. He had "just seen the new day and had all the answers." He approached Horton asking to share some "great news" with the Highlander staff:

> I asked him what had happened and he said, "Chairman Mao has just endorsed our party in the United States, and that means we can be the vanguard of the movement."
>
> Then he asked me, "Aren't you impressed?"
>
> "For an American radical party I would be much more impressed if a couple of factory workers endorsed your party," I said.

Horton combined an unwavering commitment to social change with a healthy skepticism for closed systems of thought, along with a pragmatic willingness to reshape his own ideas and strategies when political circumstances changed. That's not a bad formula for building institutions designed for the "long haul." □

Class Acts

LILLIAN S. ROBINSON

CALLING HOME: Working Class Women's Writings: An Anthology. *Edited by Janet Zandy. Rutgers University Press. 366 pp. $38. Paper $12.95.*

THE DIARY OF A SHIRTWAIST STRIKER. *By Theresa Serber Malkiel, with an Introduction by Françoise Basch. Industrial and Labor Relations Press, Cornell University. 213 pp. Paper $12.95.*

I was at a meeting of the scholarly organization in my field, and we all talked about our mothers. Relax, I'm not going to recount last night's perplexing dream; this really happened. Three years ago, the session on working-class women in academe at the Modern Language Association was crowded to capacity. Most of the participants were young—I knew every one of the few people in the room over 40—and bore ethnic names. The first generation of our families to have access to post-secondary education, we had proceeded to graduate school and were teaching or preparing to teach language and literature to college students. We talked about the continuities and contradictions between our backgrounds and our disciplines, the way enrichment in the power of the word had ironically alienated us from our mother tongue, the kitchen-table conversation of working-class women. We had mastered the discourses of criticism, rhetoric and theory, but, as a result, we had trouble talking to our mothers.

I kept being reminded of that discussion while reading Janet Zandy's collection of working-class women's writing. Even the title, *Calling Home*, evokes something fundamental about being away from the place you came from and trying to make contact with it. For the volume's younger contributors, as for the participants in the M.L.A. session, the sense of uprootedness, of complicity in the process of deracination and of reaching back are all intrinsic to the experience of being female and from a working-class background. But even in the older selections, more securely situated *in* rather than *from* the old neighborhood, there is a reminder that words like "family" and "home" carry different resonances in different social environments. The little preposition is as important as the class and gender markers.

In contemporary American feminism—maybe in contemporary American life—identity is politics; and race, ethnicity and class tend to be understood primarily as personal qualities, as determinants of identity. The unconscious, unacknowledged generation gap in *Calling Home* is between writers from the earlier decades of this century, for whom everything is problematic except their identity as women of the working class, and their granddaughters, who, having experienced cultural and economic mobility, find ourselves wondering who we are and where our real home is.

Maybe it's churlish of me to begin with that disjunction when reviewing a book whose recurrent themes are connectedness, community, solidarity. But the longing I sense in the tone of those who have gotten away is precisely a nostalgia for that *belonging*, if not for the pain that underlies it, whereas it is the pain itself that those who stayed home have to tell us about. Where they overlap is in the sense of exclusion, of deprivation, further embittered for some by the well-

Lillian S. Robinson, Visiting Professor of English and American Studies at the University of Texas, Austin, is the author of Sex, Class, and Culture *(Routledge) and a co-author of* Feminist Scholarship: Kindling in the Groves of Academe *(University of Illinois Press).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inculcated lesson that Americans don't live in a class society, that it is not supposed to be like this.

Janet Zandy, who grew up in an apartment facing a textile factory in Union City, New Jersey, went to college and majored in literature. "No," she amends, "I embraced literature, like a lifeline. I thought literature could take me . . . across the great divide of class." In putting this book together, she attempts to "circle back." But she realizes that the books that were her bridge across the divide are not a sufficient bridge back. "Until . . . justice comes," a book like this can help us see, learn, remember working-class women's experience for what it is. In so doing, and by no means incidentally, they force us also to redefine what literature is and what it is for.

Feminist critical theory has a great deal to say about marginalization from the word and empowerment through coming into possession of one's own story. In order to extend this possession, which certainly entails class as well as gender dominance, to working-class women, Zandy had to broaden received definitions of the story to be told and the form it may take—to extend, in short, the boundaries of literary narrative. Most of the selections she includes are first-person accounts of work and family life, but many, especially from the early parts of the century, were not written as "literature," and some were not written at all. They include memoirs produced in labor-education classes, oral histories dictated to sympathetic scholars or journalists, and reports from the picket lines, as well as endeavors to make fiction and poetry out of the stuff of one's life. The authors are black, Chicana, Native American, Asian-American, Appalachian and white ethnics whose families emigrated from every part of Europe. Their stories are about labor itself, harsh and unremitting, as well as the relationships that emerge in a life defined by that toil. Wherever each narrative stands on the register of literary intention and achievement, the cumulative effect is an eloquent case for the claims of these stories as literature. Collectively, they even suggest that there is a whole, as yet unnamed kind of literature that voices the working-class female narrative.

But, in contrast with many of those who attach value to the idea of a woman's coming into possession of her own life's narrative, Janet Zandy knows the difference between that and coming into possession of one's life. She is aware that the justice that working people deserve is economic, not just textual, and she remains—properly—uncertain about how the cultural effort contributes to that end.

One way a book like Zandy's can help is to bridge the other gap—not, this time, the one between expressive culture and working-class life but the more fundamental one between theory and practice. From this point of view, it is unfortunate that *Calling Home* does not extend its generous vision to a wider range of working-class women's experience. In concentrating on the stories of industrial and domestic workers, Zandy leaves unasked, and hence unanswered, a number of questions about the meaning of class for women. By enriching our common definition of class, literary exploration of white- and pink-collar work and life might also provide clues about new sources of solidarity and action.

The relationship between narrative and the struggles of working women is far less problematic in Theresa Serber Malkiel's *Diary of a Shirtwaist Striker.* This novel, parts of which were serialized in the Socialist *New York Call* during the 1910 "uprising of the 20,000," and which was published in its entirety later that same year, was intended as an organic part of the strike effort. In fact, the questions that it evokes—and that I suspect were responsible for the long delay in bringing the *Diary* back into print—center on whether so blatant a piece of propaganda deserves the label and status of literature.

Malkiel, a former sweatshop worker whose marriage to a socialist lawyer enabled her to pursue a career as a journalist and pamphleteer for labor and feminist causes, had a clear didactic intention that informed her decision to write the *Diary* and shaped the narrative strategy entailed in implementing that decision. She wanted her story to have the ring of spontaneity and currency, as well as to influence segments of her Socialist Party readership who were unsympathetic to immigrant workers or to women's struggles. Malkiel therefore couches the story in the form of a diary of a young, native-born gentile operative, Mary, whose strike experiences enhance her respect for the Russian-Jewish militants she works with and force her to confront painful decisions about class differences among women and gender differences among workers.

Historians have been troubled by this

SUBSCRIBING TO OUR PRINCIPLES ISN'T ENOUGH.

You should be subscribing to our magazine, too.

Because week in and week out *The Nation* brings you the likes of Katha Pollitt, Edward Sorel and Christopher Hitchens in every issue.

They're not only some of the best writers and illustrators around—they do their best work for us.

The Nation.

YES! I WANT TO SUBSCRIBE TO YOUR MAGAZINE, TOO. Send me 24 issues of *The Nation* for $15, a saving of 64% off the newsstand price and 33% off the regular price. I understand that I may cancel at any time and receive a full refund for all unmailed copies.

NAME (Please print)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

☐ My payment is enclosed.

☐ Please bill me later.

For new subscribers only.
Foreign surface postage: add $7/24 issues.
Air Mail rates available upon request.
Subscriptions payable in U.S. funds.

H0L21

THE NATION
P.O. BOX 10791, DES MOINES, IA 50340-0791

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

book's dubious status as a primary document: It is authentically contemporary, but it is not a real diary. Literary critics have tended to dismiss it as a text, because of the crudely straightforward way that Malkiel solves her rhetorical problems. With her protagonist an unhyphenated American, Malkiel is able to wax lyrical in her praise of the spirit and commitment of the Jewish strikers, one of whose families Mary moves in with after conflicts with her own parents about her role in the strike. Introduction of privileged supporters from the Women's Trade Union League allows Malkiel to comment on the ways that feminist solidarity crosses class lines—and to observe where it is obstructed. And the education of the heroine's fiancé, Jim, a working man who has to be won over to acceptance of a woman's—particularly his *own* woman's—equal participation in union and political life, offers a chance to raise more consciousnesses than his. Admittedly, it is all rather neat and Sunday-schoolish in its execution.

But maybe that is the point. The context in which to read this novel is that of American didactic fiction, precisely the material of Sunday- and public-school readers, women's magazines and the popular press. (It is no accident that the audience targeted for such literature was largely made up of women and children.) In this moralizing tradition, the growth of consciousness is synonymous with the growth of conscience and a consequent adjustment of one's ways to the sober path of right action. The typical conversion experience is little more than a dramatization that confirms a position the audience is already assumed to know is right.

By contrast, the things that Mary learns—which add up to something that could be called class-consciousness with a feminist slant—are not, in this case, truisms that the reader needs to hear piously echoed. Rather, the reader is assumed to be pro-labor but unconvinced about the role of Jews, immigrant workers in general or women as labor militants; the reader "learns" along with Mary, and that's why the *Diary* is called propaganda.

The diary form gives Malkiel the opportunity to explore a genuine evolution of consciousness, the relationship between the inner life of one person and the forces of history. This process, as she charts it, is not a subtle one. Literature—women's literature in particular—contains many finer examples that document the growing empowerment of a consciousness through the act of narration. But that individual development has only rarely been assimilated to *class* consciousness, whereas Malkiel is attempting to show us precisely how a woman who is a strike participant from the beginning learns what it means to be working-class, female and fighting.

Françoise Basch, who brought out a French translation and edition of the *Diary* a decade ago, at a time when no American publisher seemed interested, has provided a new introduction for the ILR Press Literature of American Labor Series version. In it, Basch underlines the tremendous advances, both empirical and theoretical, that have been made in the study of working-women's history in the past ten years. She makes it clear how much feminist scholarship has gained in its power of analysis, while Malkiel's text shows that we, as women and activists, have also lost a power of immediacy and certainty. The reprinting of *The Diary of a Shirtwaist Striker*, like the publication of *Calling Home*, uses one source of power, the intellectual and creative faculties, to reclaim another, the working-class female identity. □

Industrial-Strength Poetry

JESSICA GREENBAUM

WORKING CLASSICS: Poems on Industrial Life. *Edited by Peter Oresick and Nicholas Coles. University of Illinois Press. 296 pp. $34.95. Paper $13.95.*

"Poetry is for getting lost in," the poet Rachel Hadas reminds me. Of course she's right, but there are degrees. There's adventurously lost, the way a giddy tourist feels in serpentine city streets, and there's hopelessly lost, the way many of us feel when reading contemporary poems. We feel lost not only regarding the direction of ideas—what does the poet mean? where is the poet going? can I come?—but also regarding the subject. What was *that* all about? we often ask, turning the last page of another slim (but ever more expensive) volume. We feel like beggars at the *idea* of a banquet.

Working Classics, with its title's entendres, is a great feast of an anthology that may feed those hungry page turners. It offers a yeasty brew of poetics, along with the meat and potatoes of subject and narrative. If you've had it with the obtuse fog of sheer ideas, or the overwrought emotional manipulation of modern verse, relax. You really *do* like poetry, as you thought. Here is a volume of great diversity, challenge and reward, a Midwestern dark horse of a book whose riches, coming from the coal mines, canneries, sweatshops and factories of the country, compose an unprecedentedly American (and slightly Canadian) experience.

In their introduction—a compelling and lyrical essay in itself—editors Peter Oresick (a poet who works at the University of Pittsburgh Press) and Nicholas Coles (of the University of Pittsburgh's English department) make their case for anthologizing industrial-workplace poems from 1945 to the present. They argue that "love, death and nature" have been the acceptable subjects for literature in the classroom. "If work appears there at all, it is usually somebody else's work, observed from a distance, as in the pastoral landscapes of classical oil painting." While a century of human effort has been devoted to American industry, the editors continue, the poetic response has not been canonized. "We agree with poet Tom Wayman," they say, "that 'any literature which omits this governing experience of daily life is a literature with an enormous hole in the middle of it.' "

Another institutionalized omission of classic anthologies is work by women, and the editors address that as well. Of the book's seventy-four poets, nearly a third are women. (Compare that with the "Contemporary American Poetry" collections through the 1970s and it will seem like women were barely invented until recently.)

The editors call the anthology a "literary witness" to the changes in America's industrial history: "Many of the poems gathered here read like elegies . . . to towns that were loved because they were where you belonged, hated because they were also where you were stuck." Another important polarity of the collection—and these tensions generate the book's writhing *aliveness*—is the ironic

*Jessica Greenbaum, a poet, currently teaches at Barnard College. She was a winner of the 1986 Discovery-*The Nation *Prize and the 1989 PEN New Writer Award.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

discrepancy between the work of the hands and the work of the mind. In many of the poems the repetitive tasks of the workplace inadvertently lead to a detached freedom of thought. It is a circumscribed freedom, to be sure, and the added layer of tension—how the imagination is both abandoned and reined in by one's labor—is the secondary subject of many of these poems.

Deborah Boe's "Factory Work" reflects the mind-over-mindlessness posture of the worker and makes other points about these poems as both "witness" and "elegy." The speaker describes her job, her mental absence from it and her need to save it:

> All day I stand here, like this,
> over the hot-glue machine,
> not too close to the wheel
> that brings up the glue,
> and I take those metal shanks,
> slide the backs of them in glue
> and make them lie down
> on the shoe-bottoms, before the sole
> goes on.

She describes her co-worker Phyllis, whose long hair got caught in the machine, as did her own shirt, "until someone with a brain/turned it off." She continues:

> . . . It's not bad
> here, people leave you alone,
> don't ask you what you're thinking.

The speaker notes that a co-worker reminds her of her grandfather, then describes a "shanking" contest sponsored by her employer, who needs to lay people off. She wins, but it's a double bind. Having saved herself, she's hurt others with whom she ambivalently identifies. She ends up depleted:

> I'm not embarrassed to say
> I beat them all . . .
> I almost
> don't need to look at what
> I'm doing. I'm thinking of the way
> the leaves turn red when the cold
> gets near them. They fall until
> you're wading in red leaves up to
> your knees,
> and the air snaps
> in the tree-knuckles, and you begin
> to see your breath rise
> out of you like your own ghost
> each morning you come here.

The poem serves as "literary witness" not only of the work but of the worker herself, whom the poem labors to resurrect from her moral loss imposed by the failing industry.

Like the homemaker who does the housecleaning on Saturday so the whole family can *see*, many of these poems say *this is what I do*. Jim Daniel's poem, "4th of July in the Factory," depicts a few double-time workers in the shadow of a holiday the rest of the country is having:

> Today there is no trouble
> finding a parking spot.
> There is no line
> at the time clocks.
>
> I walk down toward my department
> past the deserted, motionless
> assembly line in department 65,
> past the dark cafeteria.

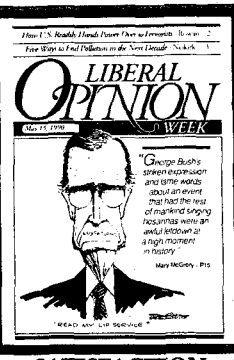
The way suburban poets name garden shrub after garden bird, and city poets incant the streets and shop names of their towns, so the workers bring their world into existence by the naming of parts. The power of such poems comes from the juxtaposition of the worker and the work, and from the intense desire, usually against all odds, to metaphorize the workplace into a meaningful world. Along with the urge to describe the work comes the pain of describing its inability to engage the speaker's intellect or soul. In the Whitman-inspired "Factory," the poet Antler writes:

> "All you have to do is stand here
> and package lids as they come
> from the press
> checking for defects every so often.
> Shove enough lids in the bag like this,
> Stand the filled bag on end like this,
> Fold over the top like this,
> Pull enough tape off
> and tape it like this,
> Then stack 'em like this on the skid."
>
> How many watching me watch the
> woman
> teach me my job
> Remembered *their* first day on the job,
> Remembered wondering what the
> woman felt
> teaching them in a minute
> the work she'd done all her life,
> Showing them so fast all they needed
> to know?

While there is a plain-spokenness to many of the poems (which are elegiac the American way *Spoon River Anthology* is elegiac), they are terrifically varied and engaging, and often saucy and witty. Antler's poem includes wild lists that sound like Gregory Corso riding Whitman piggyback: "Wheelbarrow factories! Kitchen sink capitalisms!/Staplegun generalissimos! Toothpick presidents!/Paperclip czars! Linoleum pharaohs!"

One of the many battles being fought within the poems is how much the speakers will let the work metaphorize *them*. Alice Wirth Gray's linguistically agile

LIBERAL OPINION WEEK


LIBERAL
OPINION
WEEK
"George Bush's stricken expression and terse words about an event that had the rest of mankind singing hosannas were an awful letdown at a high moment in history"
Mary McGrory

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

A New Liberal Voice

LIBERAL OPINION WEEK reprints current syndicated, editorial commentary by over 36 influential columnists and America's most talented cartoonists – all with liberal viewpoints.

Enjoy A Pantheon of Pundits

Follow every column, as a rule, by Mary McGrory, David Broder, Tom Wicker, Colman McCarthy, Richard Cohen, Michael Kinsley, Jesse Jackson.

And humorists Art Buchwald, Russell Baker, Mark Russell, Dave Barry, Andy Rooney, Mike Royko, Roger Simon.

Plus Bob Greene, Coretta Scott King, Murray Kempton, Neal Peirce, Ralph Nader, Les Payne, Sandy Grady, Carl Rowan, Nat Hentoff, Ellen Goodman, Jimmy Breslin.

As well as most columns by James Hoagland, Germond and Witcover, William Raspberry, Lars-Erik Nelson, Anthony Lewis, Hobart Rowen, Chris Matthews, William Schneider, William Pfaff, Linda Ellerbee.

Discover A Thousand Points of Bite

Every week, delight in the barbs by Feiffer, Oliphant, Conrad, Toles, Herblock, Szep, Peters, Wasserman, Marlette, Mauldin, Borgman, Sack, Summers, Powell, Luckovich, Payne, Rogers and many other cartoonists.

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

18 Weekly Issues – Only $12.45

Tabloid size • Reference guide
No paid ads • By subscription only

1-Year, 52 Issues, $36.00 – Money-back Guarantee

Call Toll-Free: 800 338-9335
(Business Hours Central Time)

Published by LIVING HISTORY, INC.
Educational reprints since 1960.

LIBERAL OPINION WEEK
P.O. BOX 468-A, VINTON, IA 52349
❒ YES, Send 18 Weekly Issues for $12.45
❒ Payment Enclosed ❒ Bill Me
Name _____
Address _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

poem "He Was When He Died" opens with this epigraph from the newspaper: "The dead man was 'an unemployed mattress factory worker.' " It ends, "He was, at the time of his death, not." Jay Parini's great poem "Coal Train" is an example of the whole body's unwilling but total metamorphosis. The speaker, once again woken by the approach of the nightly coal train, says:

> You could feel it coming a long way
> off
> at first a tremble in your belly,
> a wire trilling in your veins, then
> diesel
> rising to a froth beneath your skin.

The complexity of *Working Classics* continually generates more metaphors. The coal miners in Robert Wrigley's poems seem a reincarnation of those primal people who worked for the sun's daily return, while the unique vibrance of this book among the stacks of others I'd been perusing suggests something dark about the industry of poetry itself. In a volume of such literary honesty, the phonies show up easily—some of our currently popular writers sound tinny. As for the naturals, James Wright's poem "Autumn Begins in Martins Ferry, Ohio" soars back to us through these pages. It is only one of the book's many examples of how long, how much beyond itself, a well-made thing lasts. □

THEATER.

THOMAS M. DISCH

Falsettoland
Whatnot
Camille
Gypsy
Through the Leaves
The Gambler

Back in the 1960s, an era sentimentally celebrated for its great liberality, there was a concerted effort by New York drama critics to un-closet homosexual playwrights and cleanse the theater of their influence. "The work of some talented writers," wrote Howard Taubman in *The New York Times*, "seems tainted . . . [with] furtive, leering insinuations that have contaminated some of our arts." Taubman coyly named no names, but made it clear that the writers he particularly had in mind were Tennessee Williams, William Inge and Edward Albee. Other critics who responded to Taubman's Tally-ho! included Brooks Atkinson and Clive Barnes, also of the *Times*; critics for the *Daily News* and *Newsday*; John Simon; Elizabeth Hardwick; and Stanley Kauffmann, who argued, again in the *Times*, that homosexual playwrights should write about their own kind exclusively, thus ridding the theater of the "*disguised* homosexual influence."

During the quarter-century since that witch hunt, the essential mandate of Witch Hunter General Kauffmann has been carried out: Gay playwrights are writing about their own kind, often to the exclusion of writing about most anyone else. (Of course, witch hunters must still worry about those gay playwrights who have *remained* closeted and continue to pose a secret danger to theater and family values; they may be legion, and except for constant surveillance there's no way to know!) By and large, the results have been aesthetically undistinguished and socially uplifting.

Minorities, and especially persecuted minorities, have a legitimate hunger to see their ideal self-image in the mirror of art. Thus, a sitcom like *The Cosby Show*—or a musical like William Finn and James Lapine's *Falsettoland*, a sequel to Finn's 1980 Off Broadway success, *March of the Falsettos*. Everyone in Finn's world, as in Cosby's, is a nice guy if not a paragon. The role-model cast includes a gay male couple, a straight couple, a lesbian couple and a 12-year-old boy, Jason (Danny Gerard), the offspring of Marvin (Michael Rupert) and Trina (Faith Prince), who married a warm and loving psychiatrist, Mendel (Lonny Price), when Marvin left her to live with Whizzer (Stephen Bogardus). In the previous play, Marvin was ditched by Whizzer and (according to the note in the program) was "left with nothing except the possibility of a relationship with his son, who is no longer terrified of growing up just like dad."

In this sequel Whizzer returns to Marvin, and for half the show everything is rosy. The only problem has to do with how Jason's bar mitzvah is to be catered. *Falsettoland* is of that new breed of musicals in which the singing is continuous. This makes things easier for the writer and director, who don't have to negotiate the tricky segues back and forth, up and down between two levels of stage reality; but it surely puts an added burden on the performers, who must establish their humanity and shade in nuances of character without ever relaxing into ordinary speech. Everyone in the cast clears this hurdle splendidly, but Danny Gerard as the bar mitzvah boy deserves special commendation, for he is that rarity, a child actor who can actually act.

In the latter half of the show, prefigured by the song "Something Bad Is Happening," Whizzer comes down with the disease that so often goes unnamed in plays about homosexuality today, and what follows is as inevitable as it is moving. It is not surprising that the theme of AIDS should have eclipsed all other aspects of gay life as mirrored by gay writers. It has become a basilisk from which none of us can entirely avert our gaze. Another, less predictable theme that *Falsettoland* shares with earlier plays that have come to emblematize Gay Pride is the presentation of gay men in the role of exemplary parents. While this theme is scarcely without a basis of reality in some lives, for most gays parenthood is not a likely prospect. There is a respect in which dramas of gay fatherhood resemble sitcoms that show black families living in that consumer paradise of happy problems that whites have always taken for granted as their fantasy birthright. Not "If I had all that money" but "If I had a wife and kids." To criticize either form of wish fulfillment as unrealistic is to miss the emotional point. Yet as a critic I can't resist pointing out the cruel, dialectical irony that, while gay writers were formerly criticized for "distorting marriage and femininity" (Kauffmann) when they wrote unsparingly about heterosexual relations, they now write idylls of family life that the Rev. Donald Wildmon himself would find edifying, were it not for the gender of one of the family members.

But why is it called *Falsettoland*? As singers, none of the men are literally falsettos, so it must be a metaphor, and one so self-evident to the writers that they haven't bothered (in the sequel, at least) to explain it. The implication of the title is that male homosexuals are all drag queens at heart, inauthentically assuming a female persona; that to be gay is to parody women. A doubtful proposition, but one that would seem to be confirmed—in the theater world—by the large proportion of gay plays celebrating transvestite heroes. Within only a few blocks of the Lucille Lortel Theatre on Christopher Street there are currently four plays in which drag is a major component, and in the 1980s the three big-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gest Broadway hits about homosexuals—*Torch Song Trilogy*, *La Cage aux Folles* and *M. Butterfly*—also equated gay with drag.

In a literal sense, of course, it's a natural association. In its more innocent forms, such as the revue *Whatnot*, staged at St. Peter's Church by Musical Theatre Works, drag can be silly, uncomplicated fun that hearkens back to an age when any high school could mount *Charley's Aunt* without a thought for its subtext. *Whatnot*'s cast of four—Howard Crabtree (who also designed the costumes and show-stealing special effects), Mark Lazore, John Treacy Egan and Jennifer Smith—romp about in all sorts of masquerade costumes: Howard and Mark as old biddies, Jennifer as Deputy Sheriff Tubb Parker and each in turn as a different kind of singing insect. What *Whatnot* most resembled in my own experience was a show at a Champs-Elysées cabaret in 1966, minus the cheesecake. Musically, it lacks the oomph of *Further Mo'*, a rival four-person revue currently playing at the Village Gate, but *Further Mo'* is an anthology of classic blues songs, so that's scarcely a fair comparison. *Whatnot*'s Dick Gallagher is a more-than-competent tunesmith, and there is one soft-shoe number, "Hat and Cane" (with lyrics by the director, Mark Waldrop), that would pass muster in any show-biz musical of the last fifty years. Some critics have carped that the production lacks the fondly twitting tone of *Oil City Symphony* and other recent progeny of the Lake Wobegon aesthetic, but *Whatnot* isn't *about* anything but itself; it is pure show biz, and as such it's a gas.

For an in-depth understanding of theatrical drag the show to see is *Camille*, at the Charles Ludlam Theater on Sheridan Square. It is also the show to see for a lot of fun, but that's fairly common knowledge, since *Camille* (subtitled *A Tearjerker*) has been the Ridiculous Theatrical Company's most popular and often-revived attraction since its author first played the title role in 1973. This production marks the debut of the company's director, Everett Quinton, in his deceased partner's most famous role, and it is a triumph both for the star (who outshines Ludlam in all but sheer gall) and for the playwright, whose vehicle has been proven quite as sturdy, in its way, as its original of 1852, Dumas *fils*'s delectable *La dame aux camélias*.

Ludlam's play hews closer to Dumas's scenario than does Piave's libretto for *La Traviata*, and at the high points, as when Marguerite tells her lover's father that she will sacrifice her love for the sake of the man's daughter, Ludlam achieves burlesque simply by quotation. "Will you kiss me just once," Ludlam's Marguerite begs Duval senior, "as you would your own daughter? And believe me when I tell you it is the only really pure kiss that I have ever received. And promise me that one day you will tell this beautiful and pure young girl that somewhere in the world there is a woman who had only one thought, one hope, one dream in life, and that for her sake she renounced them all."

The figure of Marguerite Gautier may be the *locus classicus* of a female fictional character as an embodiment of male wish fulfillment fantasies, and so to see her played by a man represents a kind of poetic justice (a justice that obtained universally in eras and cultures where men took women's roles as a matter of course). But Ludlam's inspiration has a further twist, for his Camille embodies an archetype other than the golden-hearted prostitute; she is also the scampish, trampy reveler epitomized in Cunegunde's song from Bernstein's *Candide*, which was the secret national anthem of gay America in the 1960s and 1970s, "Glitter and Be Gay." Cunegunde lamented that she had been "victimized by bitter, bitter circumstance." And yet, of course, she rather likes to revel, and has no strong aversion to champagne. Ludlam's Camille agrees, though *she* does so, risibly, to the tune of the "Beer Barrel Polka." Burlesque, as usual, transposes the meanings of high culture into their quotidian, raunchy equivalents: Sex is fun, and funny, and then suddenly fatal. For Dumas's Lady of the Camellias, the price of pleasure is, illogically, tuberculosis; but history has honed the old plot to a cruel new edge. Ludlam died of AIDS, and his successor in the role of Camille is his lover Everett Quinton, and the pathos of the last act has acquired a tragic resonance unimaginable when the play was first performed. It has become, inadvertently, the most harrowing play yet written on the subject of AIDS, without losing a scintilla of its irresistible good humor, which has become, in retrospect, sublime.

Camille has become, inadvertently, the most harrowing play yet written on the subject of AIDS.

The cast is splendid, and none more splendid than Quinton, a consummate consumptive in Hair by Joseph Boggess and Jewelry by Larry Vrba. Georg Osterman as Armand is as callow a youth as ever there was, while H.M. Koutoukas as the smarmy Baron de Varville is unearthly. Stephen Pell as Nanine, Camille's frumpy maid, may be the most convincing drag act in town, since (like M. Butterfly) you really wouldn't guess his gender without a program in your hand.

Gypsy, one of the best Broadway musicals of all time, continues its revival at the St. James Theatre, with Linda Lavin replacing Tyne Daly in the starring role. On the night I went to see Lavin, she had been replaced by her standby, Jana Robbins, and so I enjoyed the rare pleasure of seeing a star in formation. Understudies are constrained by the ways in which a production has been tailored to the performers for whom they step in. Other members of the cast depend on a stand-in to generate a close facsimile of the emotional aura to which they have tuned their own performances. Often I thought I could see the ghost of Tyne Daly (whom Robbins has understudied since *Gypsy* opened last November), but when Robbins was free to command the stage in the show-stopping solos at the end of each act, she was terrific in her own right.

The first work by director JoAnne Akalaitis to be seen at the Public Theater since her designation as Joseph Papp's heir apparent is a revival of *Through the Leaves*, a two-hander first mounted by Mabou Mines and Interart Theatre in 1984. The play itself dates from 1976 and is the work of the German playwright Franz Xaver Kroetz. It portrays the dismal and wholly one-sided romance of a fat, homely butcher, Annette, played by Ruth Maleczech, and the loutish semiderelict Victor (Frederick Neumann), with whom she is infatuated. Their sex life, which we see in simulation, is nasty, brutish and hasty. Victor is abusive to her and to her dog; he goes off on benders, lies about having other women and berates her for doing unfeminine work and earning more money than he does, even as he sponges off her. He never

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

does a decent thing, and she is the saintly rug he walks over. The two actors deliver credible performances, within the limits set by the script, which, unwisely, has transposed the setting from Bavaria in 1976 to Queens today. Not that women's liberation has enjoyed such a triumph that there are no contemporary equivalents to Annette and Victor, but few Annettes of here and now would be quite so guileless about either sex or sexism—at least, not if they had functioning television sets. Victor is such a caricature of male chauvinist piggery that he comes across as an old-fashioned, mustache-twirling villain, his every word an occasion for our hisses. In a play that is straining for kitchen-sink realism, that is a very false note.

Ugo Betti's *The Gambler* was recently presented at the rather spooky House of Candles theater (housed in an East Village store that formerly sold candles and talismans to devotees of Santeria). I saw it at a Sunday matinee when the cast of seven outnumbered the audience by three. It deserved better. Betti's 1950 play, in a translation by Edward Eager and Alfred Drake (who also starred in it in 1953), is serious drama of the sort one encounters more often in college textbooks than on stage, and the Independent Theatre Company generally did justice to the play's considerable demands. The plot concerns an investigation into the death of Eva Petri, killed by the Nazis, possibly with the connivance of her husband, Simon. It is that possibility the play examines. Paul McNair as Simon and Christine Zito as Eva's very lively ghost handled the two most demanding roles ably. For theatergoers whose idea of a night on the town more often takes them to the Jean Cocteau Repertory on the Bowery than to Broadway (a neighborhood scarcely less sleazy than the Bowery these days), the Independent Theatre Company is worth checking out. Their next production, Max Frisch's *The Firebugs*, has just begun and will be followed by works by Brecht, Sartre, Genet, Ionesco and Shakespeare. You can be put on I.T.C.'s mailing list by writing to them at 99 Stanton Street, New York, NY 10002. □

When drafting your will, please consider making a bequest to The Nation Institute.

For information write or call: Denis Berger, Director, The Nation Institute, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011 (212) 242-8400.

CLASSIFIED.

While we reserve the right to edit, reject or reclassify any advertisement, The Nation *wishes its readers to know we don't have the facilities to check the promises made by our advertisers, and we have a strong presumption against censoring any advertisement, especially if we disagree with its politics.*

ANNOUNCEMENT

ATTENTION LONGTIME *NATION* READERS. The magazine is interested in obtaining issues of *The Nation* from the period 1920-60. Please contact Peter Rothberg at (212) 242-8400.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

NEW YORK UPPER WEST SIDE. Share 7½ rooms with working woman. Your bedroom. Furnished/unfurnished. Own phone. Excellent building. Doorman. West Village 10 minutes by IRT. $450/$500. (212) 222-8388.

APARTMENTS DESIRED

UNDERPAID, quiet and responsible interns seek low-rent apartment share, sublet or house-sitting arrangements anywhere in New York City starting right away. Call Peter Rothberg at *The Nation*, (212) 242-8400.

BED & BREAKFAST

LOS ANGELES near Hollywood. Garden setting. Close to tennis, golf. Residential neighborhood. Reasonable. (213) 664-4425.

CAMBRIDGE NEAR HARVARD. Homey, Victorian. Friendly scholarly ambiance. Safe, quiet, convenient, residential neighborhood. Reasonable. (617) 491-1306.

BOOKS

ANARCHIST COOKBOOK available again! $22, postpaid. Complete edition. Barricade Books, Box 1401-R, Secaucus, NJ 07096.

SPECIAL BOOK DISCOUNT
while supply lasts

FATE OF THE FOREST: DEVELOPERS, DESTROYERS AND DEFENDERS OF THE AMAZON, by Susanna Hecht and Alexander Cockburn. Retail: $24.95. Available to *Nation* subscribers for $20, and to Nation Associates for $16.

TRAVELS WITH ALICE, by Calvin Trillin. Retail: $18.95. *Nation* subscribers: $14; Nation Associates: $12.50.

Please add $2/book for shipping and handling. New York State residents add sales tax.

Send orders to: The Nation Associates, Book Offer, 72 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011.

THE POOLES OF PISMO BAY, by Howard Rose. Just published. A rabble-rousing, passionate novel of Wobblies. "Moving—involving," *Publishers Weekly.* A quality paperback, 432 pages. $12 ppd. Order from: McPherson & Co., P.O. Box 1126, Kingston, NY 12401.

THE WAR ON CRIME IS A WAR ON BLACKS. Earl Ofari Hutchinson tells why in: *Crime, Drugs and African-Americans.* $2. Impact Publications, Box 2368, Inglewood, CA 90305.

BOOK SEARCH SERVICES

Wm CAXTON BOOK SEARCH, Box 709, Sister Bay, WI 54234. Send phone/address with wants. (414) 854-2955.

AWAITING YOUR BOOK WANTS. Lorraine Zimmerman, Bookseller at Large. P.O. Box 5854, Berkeley, CA 94705. Locally: (415) 601-1868; nationally: (800) 728-2073.

CASSETTES

EDWARD SAID/MERON BENVENISTI. *Two Views of the Israeli-Palestinian Conflict.* Tapes of this *Nation*/New School event are now available. Each 2-tape set is $20. Send check or money order payable to The Nation Institute to: "Two Views," The Nation Institute, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

THE SUPREME COURT AND DAILY LIFE
WHO WILL THE COURT PROTECT IN THE 1990S?

The Nation Institute presents its historic conference of October 21, 1989, and examines the changing relationship of the Supreme Court to civil rights and personal liberties in light of recent Court decisions.

Reproductive and sexual freedom, race and gender discrimination, criminal defense rights, and a broad historical examination of the Supreme Court are some of the topics covered.

Speakers include DENISE CARTY-BENNIA, HAYWOOD BURNS, RHONDA COPELON, ARTHUR KINOY, WILLIAM KUNSTLER, TOM STODDARD, and others.

This 4-part radio series, produced in cooperation with The New School, the New York Council for the Humanities, and WBAI-FM, is available on 2 cassettes for $25 from The Nation Institute, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

COMPUTERS

***LONGTIME NATION* EMPLOYEE,** now computer consultant, is selling IBM-compatible computers and providing computer training and support to *Nation* readers in the New York City area. Special rates for nonprofit organizations and those on low incomes. Call Mark Rausher at Present Day Products (718) 934-2861.

COUNSELING

WOMAN PSYCHOTHERAPIST, 20+ years experience, Ph.D. in clinical psychology. Insight-oriented and analytic. Crisis intervention; short-term; long-term intensive psychoanalytic approach. Free consultation. Sliding scale. Carnegie Hall vicinity. (212) 582-5508.

COMPLETE THERAPY services for the individual and couple based in a politically progressive philosophy. Los Angeles. (213) 393-3779. Bond Wright.

MINORITY MALE PSYCHOTHERAPIST (MSW), Professor at NYU—experienced, sensitive, liberal, adjustable fees, midtown Manhattan (Kips Bay). (212) 685-4918.

EDUCATION

INSTITUTE FOR INTERNATIONAL COOPERATION AND DEVELOPMENT

Work with Street kids in
ANGOLA

Create a new school for homeless children in Luanda.

Nine month group program includes intensive technical, language and documentation training before travel; community education upon return to the U.S.

Other programs to **Mozambique, Brazil and Central America.**

For free brochure and application:

IICD, P.O. Box 103-B, Williamstown, MA 01267. (413) 458-9828.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDUCATION

SPANISH IN GUANAJUATO. Cultural Center of Mexico. Instituto Falcon, Mora 158, Guanajuato, Gto 36000, Mexico.

Learn Spanish in a Solidarity Environment

CETLALIC

In Mexico! Pablo Freire's methodology. Study Spanish & Latin American Culture. Experience community life and live with a Mexican family.

Write **CETLALIC,** AP 1-201, Cuernavaca, Morelos Mexico 62001, Phone: (73) 13-35-79

SPANISH CLASSES, GUATEMALAN CULTURE. Nonprofit collective; speakers, fieldtrips. Proyecto, 210 East Hamilton, State College, PA 16801. (814) 234-1912.

¡Speak Spanish like a diplomat!

Learn on your own with audio-cassette courses used by U.S. State Dept. Programmed for easy learning, 47 languages in all. Comprehensive. Call or write for free catalog. **1-800-243-1234** Dept. 661

AUDIO-FORUM® Guilford, CT 06437

CASA NICARAGÜENSE DE ESPAÑOL

All Nicaragua is a school!

A SPANISH LANGUAGE, POLITICAL AND CULTURAL STUDY CENTER IN MANAGUA, NICARAGUA

NOW MORE THAN EVER, FIND OUT WHAT IS HAPPENING IN NICARAGUA!

- Study Spanish four hours daily at all levels
- Live with a Nicaraguan family.
- Travel to different regions of Nicaragua.
- Meet with representatives from government institutions and mass organizations.

For further information, please send self-addressed, stamped envelope to:

CASA NICARAGÜENSE DE ESPAÑOL
P.O. Box 15062
San Diego, CA 92115
(619) 583-5163

YEAR ROUND 2-8 WEEK SESSIONS

EVENTS

PROSPECTS FOR DEMOCRACY IN ZAIRE
An International Conference
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1990 • WASHINGTON, DC
FOR INFO: RAINBOW LOBBY
1660 L St. NW, Suite 204 • Washington, DC 20036
(202) 457-0700

MEMORIAL MEETING FOR CEDRIC BELFRAGE (1904-1990)

The *Guardian* newspaper and the family of Cedric Belfrage invite you to

JOIN IN CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF CEDRIC BELFRAGE—activist, journalist, author, translator, cofounder of the *National Guardian* (now the *Guardian*).

Participants include: Holly Near, Pete Seeger, Jessica Mitford, Paul Robeson Jr., Sally Belfrage, William Rubin and Asa Zatz.

Monday, November 5, 5:30 pm

Newspaper Guild, 133 West 44th Street, New York City

EVENTS

"A WORLD TRANSFORMED: SOCIALISM AND THE TRIUMPH OF DEMOCRACY"

A meeting of the Democratic Socialists of America

Speakers include: El Salvador opposition leader Guillermo Ungo, Longshoremen's Union president Jimmy Herman and DSA vice-chairs Frances Fox Piven and Bogdan Denitch.

November 9, 7:30 pm

Cathedral Hill Hotel, Van Ness and Geary, San Francisco

Admission: $5. For more information, call (212) 962-0390.

GAMES & PUZZLES

THE NATION'S BEST Puzzles! Book 6 of these British-style crosswords, $6.95 postpaid. Write E.S. Lewis, 125 Quaker Lane, Rochester, MA 02743.

GIFTS

CAT LOVERS AGAINST THE BOMB. 1991 Wall Calendar. Great gift idea. $7.95 ppd. Nebraskans for Peace., 129 North 10th St., #426N, Lincoln, NE 68508.

MERCHANDISE

GOVERNMENT SEIZED vehicles from $100. Fords. Mercedes. Corvettes. Chevys. Surplus. Your area. (1) 805-687-6000, Ext. S-3596.

I'M PROUD TO BE AN AMERICAN **LIBERAL**

$2 B-STICKER
KD SIGNS
BOX 20610-N
OAKLAND CA
94620

MISCELLANEOUS

DON'T JUDGE US BY OUR GARISH SUMMIT! Friends of *The Nation* in Houston are planning a bash to celebrate *The Nation*'s 125th birthday. If you can help, or want more information, call Barry, evenings: (713) 524-5443; days: (713) 529-1440 or (713) 524-9839.

RADICAL SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES suppressed by government/industry. Book/video catalog: $2. Borderland Research, Box 429-N, Garberville, CA 95440.

AFRICAN AMERICANS, WOMEN & THE BICENTENNIAL OF THE U.S. CONSTITUTION:

A Mass Media Perspective of the Struggle for Democracy

"There is a pressing need for educational tools like your exhibit that at least provide the truth about racism in America in a way that will inform those who wish to learn. Congratulations on your excellent work."

—Professor Derrick Bell, Harvard Law School.

This multicultural human rights exhibit produced at Howard University by Prof. Charles E. Simmons has been shown in 22 cities in the U.S. and Canada. Call: (213) 257-6724, or write: Exhibit, 1915 Meridian Ave., So. Pasadena, CA 91030.

ORGANIZATIONS

WOULD YOU LIKE to be more closely involved with *The Nation*? Join The Nation Associates and get behind the scenes at America's oldest weekly journal of opinion. Call Sandra Zickefoose (212) 242-8400.

Sexism *Beat anti-male discrimination!! Read* ***The Liberator***

Monthly newsmagazine. Commonsense on gender issues; DIVORCE, employment, image, crime/punishment. Much more. "Feminism" rebutted. It's about time! $20 yr. (Sample $2).

Men's Rights Association
Box 17854 - N Lyons, Forest Lake, MN 55025

PERSONALS

PERSONALS ADVERTISERS

A Nation Box number and weekly forwarding service is available for a one-time $10 charge added to the cost of your classified ad.

CONCERNED SINGLES NEWSLETTER

links compatible singles concerned about peace, justice, environment. Nationwide. All ages. Since 1984. Free sample: Box 555-A, Stockbridge, MA 01262.

CLASSICAL MUSIC LOVERS' EXCHANGE®. Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. 1-800-233-CMLS. Box 31, Pelham, NY 10803.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets cultured singles acquainted. Nationwide. Established 1970. Write: SBL, Box 117, Gradyville, PA 19039, or call: (215) 358-5049.

DF IN NYC, SLIM AND PRETTY, with youthful mid-life joie de vivre, seeks sensuous gentle man with whom to share pleasures and progressive politics. Eros lights up all else in life. Nation Box 662.

PRINCETON: CLASSIC BEAUTY with warm heart, engaging wit, cultured tastes, gracious home, rewarding career, etc. etc.—invites an Ivy-tolerant embraceable homme du monde, 40s, to add spice to this pleasing, but too self-sufficient, life. Nation Box 668.

SW, LOVING, PRETTY, slender, 46, 5'5", unpatriotic *Nation* reader, vegetarian, seeks smart man of integrity who enjoys picnics in the woods. Nation Box 671.

INTROSPECTIVE YET INQUISITIVE SWM, 30, graduate student and aspiring writer/psychologist; devotee of Pynchon, Vonnegut, *Yellow Silk* and Alex Cockburn, seeks F, age 18-102 for pen-pal relationship and (maybe) romance. You are tolerant, articulate, unabashedly philosophical and shamelessly confessional in your writing. Photo? Not necessary: I'll see you in your letters. Write: Dave, Nation Box 674.

LIVELY, ATTRACTIVE, progressive Manhattan woman planning to relocate West (Albuquerque area) seeking good-hearted, fit, communicative man, 40-55, for friendship, intimacy and possible child rearing. Nation Box 676.

DWF, 52, PROFESSIONAL, seeks male life companion. You: nonsmoker, non/light drinker, financially stable, reader (perhaps bookworm), lover of ideas, music, art, nature; person with full life seeking someone with whom to share. Box 14893, Columbus, OH 43214.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED.

PERSONALS

MANHATTAN FEMALE *psychoanalyst, warm, slender, attractive,* young 46, multifaceted career, seeks nurturing man as best friend, lover, for commitment. Write fully. Nation Box 677.

WINSOME WOMAN, 45, seeks friend and companion who loves cycling, hiking, traveling, music, theatre, laughter and politics. Nation Box 678.

WOMAN IN REASONABLE HEALTH and soundness of mind seeking man in 60s or 70s with loving heart. New York/New Jersey area. Nation Box 679.

ATTRACTIVE REDHEAD SWJF, 5'6" professional. In my 60s, feel like 40s: active, working, enjoy life, love, laughter, opera, symphony. Seeking that special SWM with whom to share and discover the best. Chicago. Nation Box 680.

NORTHERN NEW ENGLAND college town, attractive DF professor seeks man 45-60 willing to relocate. Fit, funny, fume-free. Foreigners fine. Nation Box 681.

ATTENTION AWARE, CARING PEOPLE asking: What does one do in rapidly dying civilization? Write! D.T., c/o Mezger, P.O. Box 2110, Blowing Rock, NC 28605.

OFFBEAT BUT STABLE, 52-year-old DWM. Seeking unencumbered woman, 30-45. Early retired, simple lifestyle in North Central Florida, open to other options. Main claim to fame: world's first champion on the chorded zither. Enjoy travel, camping, music festivals, jamming, old movies and silliness. Nation Box 682.

6'5" SWMarxist seeks long-legged radical SWFeminist companion, 25-30, for progressive letter exchange. Nation Box 683.

INTELLIGENT, HANDSOME, lonely prisoner, 25, seeks correspondence with intelligent and independent woman. Write: Mr. Chris Millner, #85B446, Auburn Corr. Facility, 135 State Street, Auburn, NY 13021.

MWM, SIXTIES, successful professional, arts and academic interests, wants to meet woman for piquant adventure. Box 1192, New York, NY 10150.

If responding to a Nation Box number send replies to: Nation Box _____, The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

COMMUNITY JOBS, *socially responsible jobs and internships.* Subscribe to the only nationwide newspaper listing, covering lobbying, organizing, environment, disarmament and more. $20/6 issues. COMMUNITY JOBS, Box NAT, 1601 Connecticut Avenue,NW, #600, Washington, DC 20009.

WORK IN NICARAGUA

APSNICA is seeking volunteers in all fields, skilled and unskilled to work in Nicaragua. Architects, building tradespeople, computer personnel, engineers, mechanics, medical personnel, English teachers, planners and others are encouraged to contact us. Call: 213-455-1340; write: APSNICA P.O. Box 1151, Topanga, CA 90290.

GOVERNMENT JOBS $16,412-$59,932/year. Now hiring. Your area. Call (1) 805-687-6000, Ext. R-3596 for listings.

DIRECTOR: Chief Executive Officer of nation's foremost progressive think tank. The *Institute for Policy Studies* seeks a candidate with a background in institution building, fundraising on a national scale, and a strong public and media presence. Founded in 1963 and located in the nation's capital, IPS is a center for research and education that offers innovative ways of approaching public problems. Send a résumé and 3 references by November 15 to: Joan Drake, IPS Search Committee, P.O. Box 53423, Washington, DC 20009.

PROGRAM COORDINATOR to carry out programmatic and administrative tasks for international disarmament and security research organization. Supervise collection and distribution of information, intern program, fiscal/office management. Salary: 20s, negotiable. Résumé, 3 references ASAP to: BASIC, 1601 Connecticut Avenue NW, #302, Washington, DC 20009. Info: call (202) 745-2457.

FUNDRAISER/BUSINESS MANAGER sought for challenging full-time position on growing, innovative radical intellectual journal. Women, people of color strongly encouraged to apply. Position includes substantial input in major editorial/format changes. Musts: energy, vision, fundraising experience; rudimentary bookkeeping and computer skills. Pluses: editorial, design or publicity experience. $22,000 plus benefits. Cover letter, résumé to: Socialist Review, 3202 Adeline, Berkeley, CA 94703. Deadline: December 1.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

BUSINESS MANAGER. *Progressive photography coop;* billing, tracking, payments, leadership ability. Résumé to: Impact Visuals, Hiring Committee, 28 West 27th Street, Suite 901, New York, NY 10001.

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR: Progressive, multi-isssue Jewish organization. Familiarity with American Jewish community, program development, administration, membership services, fundraising skills desirable. Résumé, cover letter to: Search Committee, New Jewish Agenda, 64 Fulton St., #1100, New York, NY 10038.

POSITIONS DESIRED

INTELLIGENT, ARTICULATE FORMER *NATION* INTERNS skilled in research, fact-checking, editing and writing looking for meaningful employment in New York, Washington and elsewhere. Available starting immediately. Call Peter Meyer at (212) 242-8400.

***NATION* INTERN** seeks meaningful employment in feminist/progressive organization in New York, Washington or Boston area. Skilled in research, writing, television production, French. Call April James at (212) 242-8400.

EX-*NATION* RESEARCHER/FACT-CHECKER seeks editorial work in New York City. Has staff experience in many phases of magazine journalism and strong writing skills. Call Eddie Harcourt at (718) 788-3915.

PUBLICATIONS

THE PEOPLE. Marxist biweekly. Since 1891. 4 months/$1. 1 year/$4. The People (N), PO Box 50218, Palo Alto, CA 94303.

LEFT BUSINESS OBSERVER — a monthly newsletter on economics and politics worldwide. "A salutary antidote to the economic mush in mainstream periodicals." — Alexander Cockburn. One year $18. Left Business Observer (Dept. N), 250 West 85th Street, New York, NY 10024.

NICARAGUA: La lucha continúa...
Barricada Internacional,
biweekly news from the FSLN.
Now bilingual. Sample free!
$35/year; $18/6 mo.
Barricada USA-N, PO Box
410150 SF, CA 94141

TECHNOCRACY—TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for $3 from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, OH 44874.

READ *RECONCILIATION INTERNATIONAL*, a quarterly magazine on nonviolence in Islam, Africa and worldwide. $20/year. $2 sample. International Fellowship of Reconciliation, Spoorstraat 38, 1815 BK Alkmaar, Netherlands.

LABOR HISTORY CALENDAR: Striking photos, dates commemorate world labor history. $7 ppd. IWW, Box 204, Oak Park, IL 60303-0204.

REMEMBERING CAREY McWILLIAMS

100 Years of *The Nation*. Former editor Carey McWilliams summarizes and evaluates *The Nation*'s history at the 100-year point. Reprinted from *Journalism Quarterly* (1965), this concise essay is available again. An invaluable introduction and complement to the historic 120th Anniversary Issue.

On The Nixon Within Us. Cartoonist Jules Feiffer's eloquent essay honoring Carey McWilliams's gadfly journalism in an age of Nixonian valuelessness.

These two *Nation* special reprints are available as one package for $3 per set. Send check or money order to: McWilliams Reprints, The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Rates STANDARD $1.50/word, 15-word minimum; telephone and POB numbers count as two words each, abbreviations and zip codes as one. CLASSIFIED DISPLAY 1-inch minimum; camera-ready $60/column inch; not camera-ready $60/column inch plus a one-time setting charge of $15/inch. FREQUENCY DISCOUNTS For consecutive runs only; 4 ads for the price of 3; 10 for the price of 7; 25 for the price of 15. PERSONALS For individuals 2 ads for the price of 1, 4 for the price of 2, etc.; no other discounts apply; *Nation* box number/weekly forwarding service one-time charge of $10; for commercial advertisers standard rates apply.

Deadline Wednesday, 5 PM, 26 days prior to Monday issue date.

To THE NATION
Classified Department
72 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., NY 10011

Enclosed is my check for $_____ for _____ week(s), plus _____ week(s) free.

Be sure to include payment for *Nation* box number/forwarding service or classified display setting charge, if applicable.

Advertiser _____

Address _____ City _____

State _____ Zip _____ Phone _____

Attach ad, typewritten if possible.

Payment in U.S. currency must accompany order.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUBLICATIONS

THE LORDS OF THE GLOBAL VILLAGE—Written by Ben H. Bagdikian, author of *The Media Monopoly*, this timely issue examines the alarming growth of the communications combines, explores the implications of the concentration of media ownership, and profiles the powerful press barons who threaten "freedom and diversity in global news, information and culture." Only $3 per issue. Send check or money order to *The Nation*, Bulk Sales X, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011, or call (212) 242-8400 ext. 202 for bulk prices.

SMALL TOWN, the voice of small town America. Articles on planning, preservation, attracting industry, housing, shopping malls, central business district improvement and other matters of interest to small communities. Individual membership in The Small Town Institute, $30. Box 517, Ellensburg, WA 98926. Just out, "Promoting the Arts in Small Communities," $6. Special prices for bulk orders.

REAL ESTATE

GOVERNMENT HOMES from $1 (U repair). Delinquent tax property. Repossessions. Your area (1) 805-687-6000 Ext. GH-3596 for current repo list.

HUNTERS, X-COUNTRY SKIERS—110 acres Chenango County, New York. Meadows, woods surround state forest. New insulated cabin, wiring, plumbing. Secluded, quiet, beautiful. $110,000. Owner: (718) 832-2724.

RELIGION

JESUS FICTIONAL! INCONTROVERTIBLE PROOF, CHALLENGE. Scholarly booklet—$5, Abelard, Box 5652-A, Kent, WA 98064 (Details: SASE).

SERVICES

EXPERT HOUSEPAINTER—and socially conscious, too. Prompt, neat, reasonable rates. Airless sprayer for large spaces. 10 years experience. References. Free estimate. Call and leave message: (718) 789-1944.

T-SHIRTS

"WHICH IS THE GREATER CRIME—TO ROB A BANK OR TO OWN ONE?"—Brecht T-shirts, $9. Free catalogue. Socialist Party Favors, Box 8211-N, Des Moines, IA 50301.

VACATION RENTALS

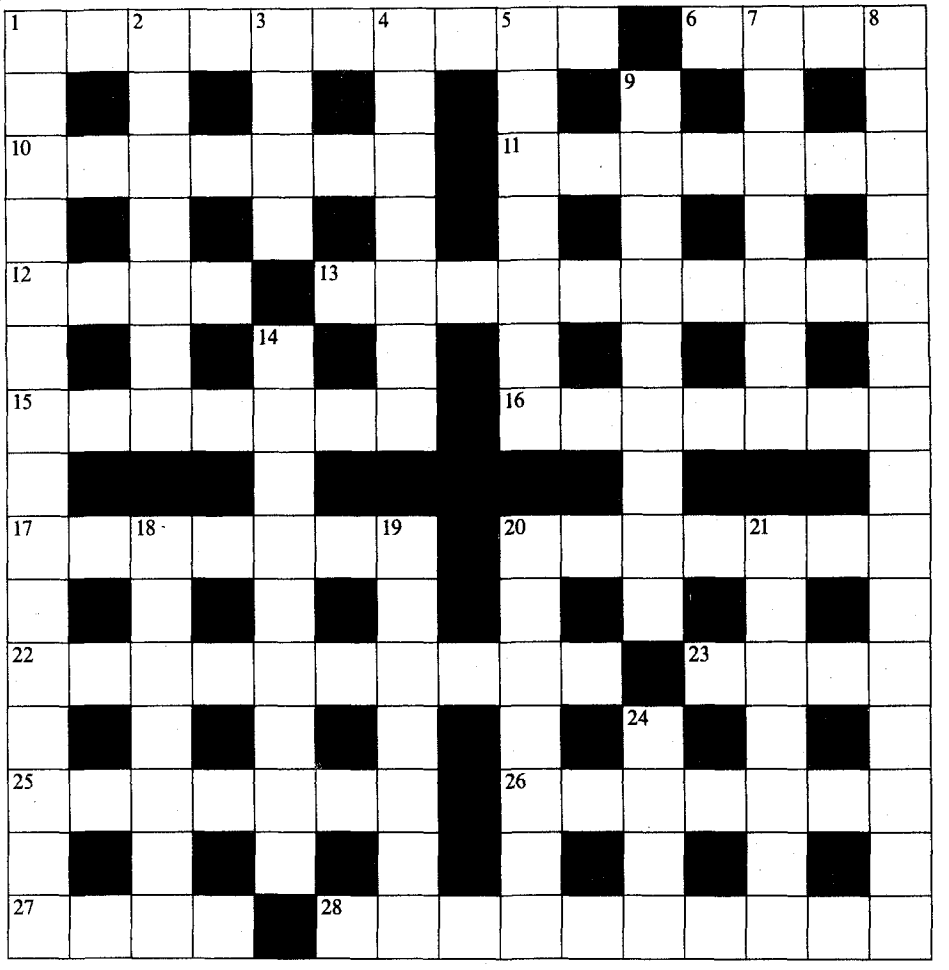
MONTEREY PENINSULA: Private romantic cottage; fireplace, garden, fully equipped. Information and brochure: (408) 655-0321.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2310

S	P	I	R	A	L	S	T	A	I	R	C	A	S	E
T	■	G	■	M	■	N	■	N	■	A	■	S	■	A
R	O	N	D	E	A	U	■	N	A	I	L	S	E	T
A	■	I	■	R	■	B	■	O	■	S	■	A	■	O
I	N	T	U	I	T	■	T	U	N	I	N	G	I	N
G	■	E	■	C	■	C	■	N	■	N	■	A	■	E
H	Y	D	R	A	U	L	I	C	S	■	T	I	E	S
T	■	■	■	N	■	O	■	I	■	E	■	■	■	H
B	E	A	U	■	E	V	A	N	S	V	I	L	L	E
O	■	N	■	C	■	E	■	G	■	E	■	A	■	A
U	T	T	E	R	E	R	S	■	G	R	A	T	E	R
R	■	E	■	E	■	L	■	A	■	Y	■	H	■	T
B	R	I	N	D	L	E	■	B	A	M	B	I	N	O
O	■	N	■	I	■	A	■	L	■	A	■	N	■	U
N	I	G	H	T	A	F	T	E	R	N	I	G	H	T

Crossword Puzzle No. 2311

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 6 Implying a taste of France is not the same for everyone, such a canon being different with a painful condition. (6,1,3,4)
10 Obviously angered, and upset! (7)
11 Does such a Russian always have a bag of romaine? (7)
12 It might be a reef some distance at sea. (4)
13 Stores may not make them as much as they used to, but a place to buy a pickle is ever so different! (10)
15 Such sales items as pins and needles are never things that might be charged! (7)
16 Egotism I'd generally expect to show a very little bit. (7)
17 Pertains to one in McIntoshes, perhaps. (7)
20 See 4 down
22 A legendary monster appears as a rooster, which takes a very short time. (10)
23 Does it control the development of character—like Autry? (4)
25 A point perhaps ground around it, as you suffer, possibly. (7)
26 There'll be water in the old-fashioned instrument shortly, and Gorby might have to deal with it! (7)
27 and 28 Drivers may find it permissible to do this right in some cities, involving a switch if you do so at home. (4,2,3,5)

DOWN

1 Making sure the story is right so you can draw on it? (8,7)
2 Disturbed at prior landings here? (7)
3 Your generous portion of egg? (4)
4 and 20 across Might be a letter marking that you don't know what comes after four score. (7,7)
5 An altered chord is an exemplification of tropical beauty. (7)
7 A goose-egg given as a grade makes a lot of talk! (7)
8 Is concerned with what the bank does with your house payment, perhaps. (5,2,8)
9 What makes streaks is intended to attract your attention, possibly. (9)
14 Ring game? (9)
18 Choose your exit, one hears—he might try to make such as Ferdinand mad. (7)
19 The wrong thing to do about the right oil mixture, preferably well done for some. (7)
20 Extraordinarily Scottish, hut construction is crude. (7)
21 The day something is ceremoniously thrown out? (It may mean a job for someone.) (7)
24 See, to savor a Liederkranz is quite a test. (4)

PUZZLED?

No more cross words. Find out why "little skipper" is a "truant." Send for a free copy of Frank W. Lewis's Ground Rules to *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLEAN UP YOUR MESS."

—Robert Fulghum

Author of "Everything I Need to Know I Learned in Kindergarten"®

How easily many people forget, and compromise common sense in favor of corporate profit. They trash the environment and disregard our children's future. Some of your money may be invested with such compromisers.

None of our Money Fund is. We screen out companies that have a history of environmental violations, and we don't invest in nuclear power plants.

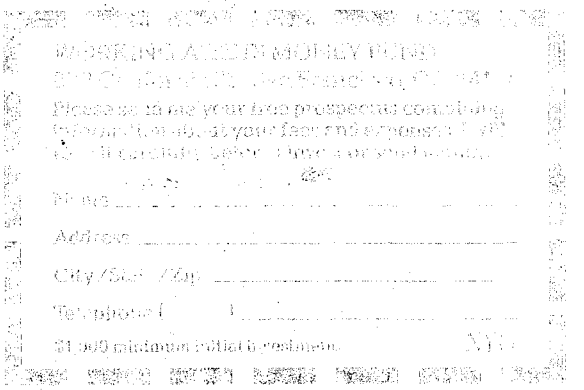
This gives you the opportunity to show that you care. If you call our toll-free number, we'll explain how simple it is to invest safely, and wisely.

Call us at 1-800-533-3863

WORKING ASSETS

MONEY FUND

America's Leading Socially Responsible Money Market Fund



Distributed by Working Assets Capital Management.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED